The White Invasion of China—By Senator Beveridge

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

Beginning Hamlin Garland's New Serial of Washington Society and Western Adventure

Endorsement of a Steel Expert

BOSTON, November 9, 1901.

MR. EUGENE EDWARDS,
General Manager United States Steel Co., West Everett, Mass.

Dear Sir: The Directors of this Company realize that during your long connection with the Midvale Steel Company, of Nicetown, Pa., you personally saw much of the growth of that great steel plant, now valued at twenty millions of dollars, also that it was under your six years' management that the great steel casting plant of the General Electric Company, in Lynn, increased its output 300 per cent. They therefore desire, after your years' management of our Everett plant, that you give them your opinion as to the advisability of immediately increasing said plant to the New England demand for Jupiter Steel Castings.

Respectfully,
UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY,
Charles S. Miller *Treasurer.*

BOSTON, November 11, 1901.

UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY, *Boston, Mass.*

Gentlemen: I have your esteemed favor of November 9 requesting my opinion as to the advisability of increasing our present plant.

The situation briefly is as follows: With our plant at Everett we are so overrun with unsolicited business that we are constantly in danger of displeasing our customers by delay in filling orders. This condition will be partially improved as soon as our addition of 100 x 130 feet now under way is completed, and the new fifteen-ton crane in position. While this means a total of 300 feet in length for the main foundry, I am of the opinion that it should be immediately increased to 500 feet to fill the orders that the mere knowledge of our capacity would bring to us.

A HEAP OF SCRAP STEEL
The material from which "Jupiter Steel" is made

But there is another field for Jupiter Steel not yet touched by our Company, which would be a very profitable one. There is a large demand in New England for heavy steel rolls in roller mills and rubber factories. These rolls weigh from 1,000 to 20,000 pounds apiece, and we have already turned away many orders on account of being so full of other business. The making of these rolls by day and the pouring of steel billets at night would easily take up the capacity of another complete plant, the duplicate of our present one, of a length of 500 feet.

I believe that both of the above additions should be built immediately, and would greatly increase your dividends. You have a splendid location, with unexcelled railroad and water facilities, for the growth of a plant equal to those plants with which I have been connected and to which you refer.

Very truly yours,
Eugene Edwards
General Manager.

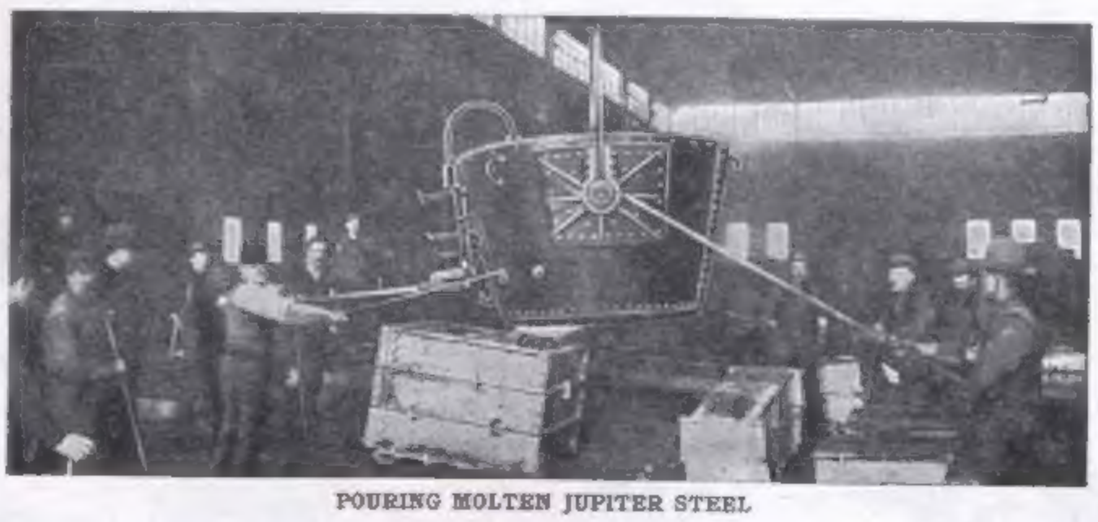
The above is the advice of a successful and practical steel manufacturer who found it to his advantage to leave the Midvale Steel Co. to improve his position and identify himself with the steel-casting department of the General Electric Co. as Superintendent, officiating as such for six years. From the latter connection he considered it to his interest to associate himself with the United States Steel Co. as General Manager, realizing the great superiority of our product. This should be sufficient evidence of the vast strides and advance of Jupiter Steel Castings.

VIEW OF THE PRESENT PLANT AT EVERETT, MASS.

FINISHING A MOULD

No branch of industry in which man engages promises a return of such handsome profits as that of the manufacture of steel. The dividends derived from the prosecution of legitimate steel manufacture far outrank the net returns from any other line of business. The wonderful stimulus which the success of the past three years has imparted to the steel business is evidenced by the tremendous outlay which has been made in this department of industry during the past year, the results of which can only be hinted at, for they will not be reducible to statistical form until 1902. It is sufficient to say that from every branch and avenue of the steel business come most favorable reports of progress and renewed achievements. The greatness of the United States lies in her internal resources: agricultural, manufacturing and mining. Agriculturally, the country is fairly well developed, in mining the same, but the manufacturing of steel has been up to within a few years a comparatively infant industry. It is in the expanding and developing of this branch of the Nation's wealth that the greatest successes of the future are to be looked for. Steel to-day is in such a position that it is right to invite capital toward its advancement. It is the mission, therefore, of every one interested in the development of this resource to see that the industry is afforded every possible encouragement to put it to the front and let it speak for itself, for if this is done it will raise up its own friends and rally its own supporters.

The greatest publicity has been given to our enterprise, and has resulted in the present enormous demand for Jupiter Steel Castings, which are steadily and permanently displacing more expensive forms of steel, yet being of equal lightness, strength and quality, and are an improvement over the ordinary steel casting because they require no annealing, being strictly pure steel of uniform hardness and softness throughout, and can be forged, welded and tempered.



POURING MOLTEN JUPITER STEEL

Our foreign patents, now being negotiated, show conclusively a source of dividends equal to the entire capitalization of the Company. As a rule, stock in well-managed manufacturing companies is generally bought up by those in some way connected with their management and the outsider has little chance except at a high premium and a correspondingly low profit. But this is an unusual opportunity for people of limited means to secure an investment already paying a large income, an opportunity such as is usually offered to capitalists only, and the man with a few hundred dollars gets a chance. In this connection it will be noted that the Scientific American published an article on Jupiter Steel, illustrated on the first page of the edition of October 12 and described in the following pages. A copy of same will be mailed on application. This was very flattering to us, and we consider it the best endorsement that Jupiter Steel has ever received.

After long deliberation we agree with our General Manager that it is to our advantage to immediately enlarge our Works to the extent recommended, to take care of the New England business that is legitimately ours, and for construction will sell **40,000** of the **230,000** shares now remaining in our Treasury, at par, **Five Dollars** per share, full paid, non-assessable, and drawing full regular quarterly dividends of 3 per cent. (12 per cent. per annum), the next being payable January 27, 1902. It has been our experience that this opportunity will not long be open, as our previous offerings have invariably been over-subscribed, the last by some $25,000, which we are now filling from this block, and deem it advisable that you give our investment your prompt attention.

The United States Steel Company has been paying for the past two years quarterly dividends at the rate of **12 per cent.** per annum on all its outstanding stock, and it is expected that this dividend rate will be increased as soon as we can enlarge our plant at Everett, Mass.

To those who are interested a full prospectus of the Company, together with a record of what has been accomplished in the past two years, will be mailed on application. Preference will be given to subscriptions in the order of their receipt. All accepted subscriptions will draw the full regular quarterly dividend of 3 per cent. payable January 27, 1902.

Make all checks, drafts or money orders payable to the

United States Steel Company

155 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

By Hamlin Garland

Author of "The Eagle's Heart"

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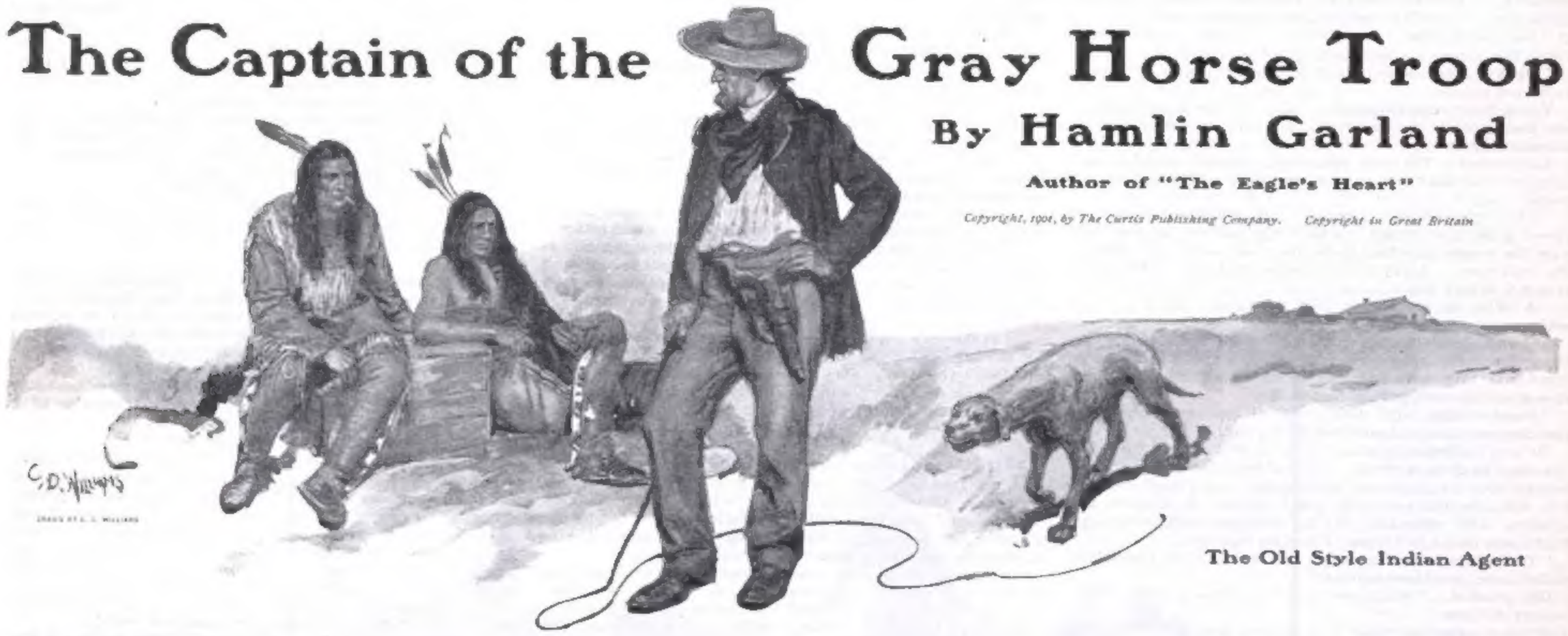


The Old Style Indian Agent

Mr. Hamlin Garland
PHOTO. BY EMMA LOUGHERY, N.Y.

"THERE is a wagon road leading to old Fort Smith from Pinon City, but it runs for the most part through an uninteresting country and does not touch the Reservation till within a few miles of the Agency buildings. I think, therefore, I will go in by way of the trail from Riddell and leave you to go around," said Captain Curtis to his sister.

"You'll do nothing of the kind, George Curtis," replied Jennie. "I'm going with you; that is settled."

"It's a hard ride, Sis, and besides, I don't know anything about the accommodations."

She remained firm in her decision. "I'm not afraid of anything where you are, George, but I will not go around that other way alone."

He patted her shoulder. "Very well, Sis; we traverse the enemy's country together."

Riddell was a squalid little cowtown set amid the cactus and greasewood in the Powder Horn Valley, and Jennie fairly gasped as she entered the door of the little hotel which faced the railway station. The place had an evil odor, flies buzzed like bees, the floor sagged, the wall-paper was flapping in the wind, and a dozen loafing cowboys added a final sinister touch to the barroom and office. But the cowboys, seeing a handsome girl enter, straightened up and fell silent; the landlord came forward with a courteous greeting, and Jennie's eyes had less of fear and disgust in them. Curtis, much amused, signed the greasy register and ordered dinner.

"Would you like to go to your rooms?" inquired the landlord, whose tone and manner were unexpectedly cultivated.

Curtis replied in the affirmative and the host led the way to a couple of front rooms, the best in the house. "Dinner is ready," he said as he left his guests.

"Very well; we'll be right down," replied Curtis.

Jennie, seated in a chair in the middle of her room, silently pointed at the incredible wall-paper, the tin tomato can which served as slop-jar, the minute towels and the rickety chairs.

"Am I dreaming, George?"

He laughed. "You'll think not when you tackle the dinner."

"We can't stay here——"

"It's Hobson's choice. There is only one alternative, and that is to start over the trail and trust to some rancher for a roof and bed."

"Anything is preferable to this," replied the girl with a shudder. "It makes the dear old Fort seem beautiful—doesn't it, George? I'm afraid——"

"Oh, don't take this as a prophecy of our life at the Agency. We'll leave all this behind in an hour."

The dinner was very bad also, and Curtis hurried out to hire a couple of horses and a guide; and an hour later, with a half-bred Indian boy for a guide, they left the sad town behind and began to climb the hill toward the east. The day was one of flooding sunshine, warm and golden, and winter seemed far away. Only the dry grass made it possible to say, "This is October." The air was without fleck, crystalline, crisp and deliciously sweet. Jennie drew a deep breath of relief. "Isn't it good to escape that horrid town! I'd rather ride all night than sleep in that hotel."

"We'll find shelter. Our guide assures me that Streeter's will accommodate us—but it is a long, hard ride."

The guide led the way steadily, silently, as if he knew the miles were long and the hours short, galloping along on his little gray pony with elbows flapping like a wild goose about to take wing, and to this pace Jennie was forced to accommodate herself.

At about four o'clock he struck into a transverse valley and followed a small stream to its source in a range of pine-clad hills which separated the white man's country from the Reservation. As they topped this divide, riding directly over a smooth, grassy swell, Curtis drew rein.

"Wait a moment, Jennie—we must absorb this."

Their horses stood on the edge of a vast bowl of amethyst and sapphire. Under the vivid October sun the tawny grass was transmuted into something which shimmered, was translucent and yet endured; and the opposite wall, already faintly in shadow, rose step by step to snowy mountains dimly showing in the south. On the floor of this glorious valley a flock of cattle fed irregularly, not unlike a handful of red and white and deep purple beads flung along the sward. All was silent—as silent as the cloudless sky above them. No wind was moving. No bird or beast, nor any living thing save the cattle and the three travelers, was abroad in this world of mist and dream.

No one spoke for a long time, then the guide said: "We better go. Long ways to Streeter."

"Well, lead on," commanded Curtis.

As they descended, the sun appeared to slide down the sky, and the dusk rose to meet them from the valley below like an exhalation from some region of icy waters. But Streeter's ranch was in sight, a big log house, surrounded by sheds, corrals and stacks of hay—a place of plenty for the horses at least.

"How does Mr. Streeter happen to be so snugly settled on the Reservation?" asked Jennie.

"He was here before the Reservation was set aside. I believe there are about twenty ranches of the same sort within the lines," replied Curtis. "I think we'll find in these men the chief causes of friction. The cattle business is not one that leads to regard for the rights of others."

As they rode up to the house a tall young fellow in cowboy dress came out to meet them. He was deeply amazed to find a pretty girl at his door, and his jaws fairly gaped as he silently stared.

"Good-evening," said Curtis. "Are you the boss here?"

He recovered himself quickly. "Howdy—howdy, Miss —— Yes, I reckon I am. Won't you 'light off?"

"Thank you. We'd like to take shelter for the night if you can spare us room."

"Why, cert. Mother and the old man are away just now, but there's plenty of room." He took a swift stride toward Jennie. "Let me help you down, Miss."

"Thank you, I'm already down," said Jennie, anticipating his service by sliding to the earth.

The young man whistled shrilly and a man appeared at the door of the stable. "Hosy, come and take these horses." He turned to Jennie. "I can't answer for the grub," he said. "Hosy is cooking just now. Mother's been gone a week and I reckon the bread is about all chewed up. If you don't mind slapjacks I'll see what I can stir up for you."

Jennie was not sure whether she liked this young fellow or not. After his first stare of astonishment he was by no means lacking in assurance. However, she was plainswoman enough to feel the necessity of making the best of any hospitality on the trail when night is falling.

"Don't take any trouble for us. If you'll show me your kitchen and pantry, I'll see if I can't get our own supper."

The young man led the way into the house, which was a two-story building of hewn logs, with wings of one story each at the sides. The room into which they entered was large and bare as a guard-room. The floor was rough, the log walls whitewashed, and the beams overhead were rough pine boles. Some plain pine chairs, a table painted a pale blue and covered with dusty newspapers, made up the furnishing—unless a gun-rack which filled one corner could be called a piece of furniture. Curtis swept his eyes across this and estimated that nearly a score of rifles stood there.

Young Streeter opened a side door. "This is where you can sleep. Just make yourself to home and I'll start a fire agoin'."

"What a big house you have here," said Jennie ingratiatingly as she entered the kitchen. "And what a nice kitchen."

"Oh, purty fair," replied the youth, who was rattling at the stove. "It ain't what we'd make it if these Injuns was out o' the way. Now, here's the grub. It ain't so blame much."

He showed her the pantry, where she found plenty of bacon and flour, and eggs and milk.

"I thought cattlemen never had milk?"

"Well, they don't, generally, but mother makes us keep a cow. Now I'll do this cooking if you want me to, or I'll help you do it. I can't make biscuits and we're all out o' bread as I say, and Hosy's sinkers would choke a dog."

"Oh, I'll do it. You get the water and keep a good fire."

He took the water-pail and went out of the back door without a word. When he came back his visitor was busy with the milk and flour. He stood watching her in silence for some minutes as she worked, and the sullen lines on his face softened and his lips grew boyish.

"You sure know your business," he said in a tone of conviction.

She replied with a smile: "Have the oven hot. These biscuit must come out just right."

He stirred up the fire. "A man ain't fitten to cook; he's too blame long in the elbows. We have an old squaw to potwrastle when mother is home, but she don't like me and so she takes a vacation when the old lady does. That throws us down on Hosy, and he just about poisons us. We get springpoor by the time old Sally comes back." Jennie was rolling at the biscuit and did not hear him—or at least she did not reply to him. He held the door open for her when she put the biscuit in the oven, and lit another bracket lamp in order to see her better.

"Do you know you're the first girl I ever saw in this kitchen?"

"Am I?"

"That's right. I'm mighty glad I didn't get home to Hosy's supper. I want a chance to eat some of them biscuit you've had your hands into."

"Slice this bacon, please, and not too thick," she commanded briskly; "now we'll set the table before I make the omelette."

"The how-many?"

"The omelette must go directly to the table after it is made. It flattens out if it gets cold."

He set the table, which ran across one end of the room, and watched her as she turned the omelette. At last he said enigmatically:

"If a feller lives long enough and keeps his mouth shet and his eyes open he'll learn a powerful lot, won't he? I've seen that word in the newspaper a hundred times, but I'll be shot if I knew that it meant jest aigs."

Jennie was amused, but too hungry to spend time listening. "You may call the men in," she said at length.

The young man, whose name was Calvin, opened the door and said lazily: "Fellers, come to grub."

Curtis was examining the guns in the rack. "You're well heeled."

"Haff to be in this country," said Calvin as he followed him in. "Set down anywhere—that is, I mean anywhere the cook says."

Jennie didn't like his growing familiarity, but she dissembled. "Sit here, George," she said, indicating a chair at the end. "I will sit where I can reach the coffee."

"Let me do that," said Calvin. "Louie, I guess you're not in this game," he said to the guide in the door.

"Oh, yes—he's as hungry as we are. Let him sit down," protested Jennie.

Young Streeter acquiesced. "It's all the same to me if you don't object," he said brutally. "Hark!" he called out a moment later.

All listened. The swift drumming of hoofs could be heard mingled with the rattle of a wagon. Calvin rose with a quick word.

"That's the old man, I guess." He went to the door and raised a peculiar whoop. A voice replied like an echo, and soon the wagon rolled up to the door and some one entered the front room. A quick, sharp voice cried out: "Whose hat is that? Who's here?"

"A feller on his way to visit the Agent. He's in there eatin' supper."

A quick, resolute step crossed the floor and Curtis, looking up, met the keen eyes of a big old man—a ruddy-faced rancher of fifty, with hair and beard as white as wool, and eyes steel-blue and penetrating as fire.

"Good-evening, sir. Don't rise. Keep your seats. I'll just drop my coat and sit down with you."

He was so distinctly a man of force that Curtis looked at his sister in deep surprise. He had expected to see a loose-jointed, slouchy farmer of middle-age, but Joseph Streeter was not like his son. He was a person of decision and quality. His white hair did not betoken weakness or age, for he was in the full vigor of his late manhood.

"Hello," he called jovially; "biscuit! Cal, you didn't make these, nor Hosy neither."

Cal grinned. "Well, not by a whole row o' dogs. This—lady did 'em."

Streeter turned his vivid blue eyes on Jennie. "I want to know! Well, I'm much obliged. When did you come?" he asked of Curtis.

"About an hour ago."

"Goin' far?"

"Over to the Agency."

"Friend of the Agent?"

"No, but I have a letter of introduction to him."

Streeter seemed to be satisfied. "You'll find him a very accommodating gentleman."

"So I hear," said Curtis, and some subtle inflection in his tone made Streeter turn toward him again.

"What did I understand your name was?"

"Curtis."

"Where from?"

"San Francisco."

"Oh, yes. I think I heard Sennett speak of you. This biscuit's mighty good. Couldn't persuade you to stay here, could I?" He turned to Jennie with twinkling eyes.

Jennie laughed. "I'm afraid not—too lonesome."

Cal seized the chance to say: "It ain't so lonesome as it looks, now. We're a lively lot here sometimes——"

Streeter gave him a glance which stopped him. "Cal, take Hosy and go over to the camp and tell the boys to hustle in about two hundred head o' cattle. I want to get 'em passed on to-morrow afternoon or next day sure."

Calvin's face fell. "I don't think I need to go. Hosy can carry the orders just as well as me."

"I want you to go!" was the stern answer, and it was plain that he was boss even of his reckless son.

As he rose to go out Calvin said to Jennie: "I'll be here to breakfast all right, and I'll see that you get over to the Agency."

"You have a fine location here, Mr. Streeter," remarked Curtis after Calvin went out.

"I would have only for the d—— Injuns."

"I suppose they are a nuisance."

Streeter flamed up. "Here they are, holding some of the finest grazing land in the West. Can't use it themselves and won't let any one else use it. They are useless—worse than useless. Ought to be wiped out."

Jennie laughingly interrupted: "If you are going to discuss the Indian question leave the table so that I can wash the dishes."

After the men passed into the front room Calvin appeared at the back door with a sly grin. Closing the door between the two rooms he said: "I'm going to help you do the dishes. It's a mean trick to make a feller cook his own supper and then wash the dishes."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Jennie. "You have some work to do."

"That'll keep," he replied.

Jennie was not entirely at her ease with this young fellow, but she determined to conceal her distrust. She ordered him to his tasks crisply, and interrupted his clumsy compliments remorselessly.

Once he held up his hand in sign to listen. "Hark! They're at it," he said with a grin.

Streeter's loud voice could be heard in an explosive harangue. "Every public man in the State is with us," he shouted, "and we put it through."

"The old man makes me tired," said Calvin. "Always a-hammerin' away. Thinks he's talkin' to a whole barbecue."

"I think I'd better go in and quiet them," said Jennie, drying her hands. "You finish wiping these pans."

"Let 'em fight it out," said Calvin.

As Jennie opened the door Streeter was standing before her brother, gesticulating fiercely, his face scarlet.

"They have no rights," he was saying, "any more than the coyotes! They've got to go. They're in the way. They've killed the State by their outbreaks."

"What has caused the outbreaks?" asked Curtis, and his tone was cuttingly cool.

Jennie called out, in a soft and gentle voice: "Are you still arguing? I think you'd better adjourn the convention till to-morrow."

Curtis was glad of the interruption, for Streeter's extreme position irritated him exceedingly.

The old man calmed down at once and inquired: "Are you tired? I suppose you'd like to turn in."

"I would, indeed," said Jennie.

When they were alone the brother and sister looked at each other in silence—Jennie with big horrified eyes, Curtis with an amused comprehension of his sister's feeling. "Isn't he a pirate? He doesn't know it, but his state of mind makes him indictable for murder on the high seas."

"George, I don't like this. We are going to have trouble if this old man and his like are not put off this Reservation."

"Well, now, we won't put him off to-night, especially as he is a gallant host—but this visit here has put me in touch with the cattlemen. I feel that I know their plans and their temper very clearly."

"George, I will not sleep here in this room alone. You must make up a cot bed or something. These people make me nervous with their guns and Mexican servants."

"Don't you worry, Sis; I'll roll up in a blanket and sleep across your doorsill;" and this he did—acknowledging the reasonableness of her fears.

SECOND CHAPTER

WHEN Curtis opened his door in the morning he was surprised to see three or four men sleeping on the floor, rolled in their blankets, their heads on their saddles. There should have been nothing sinister in this—but he had a feeling that he was in a hostile camp. As he stood looking at them he saw Calvin pass the kitchen door.

True to his promise, he was on hand to help get breakfast. He had ridden over to the camp and back during the night, but did not consider it worth mentioning in the face of an opportunity to help a handsome girl fry a strip of bacon. He had shaved some time during the night and wore a new shirt, and a vivid red silk handkerchief looped about his neck.

"Where's my boss?" he asked.

"You mean my sister? She will be with you presently."

"No hurry. I'm just gettin' the fire agoin'." Coming out into the room he began to kick the sleepers. "Roll out, here! There's a lady wants to pass through here, Jack. Hosy, get a hustle on you."

One by one the sleepy cowboys sat up—cursed in low and fervent voices, and gathering up their saddles and blankets slouched out, yawning and stretching.

"All clear!" called Calvin with a grin. Jennie could not help seeing that he was in his best dress for her and she greeted him smilingly; he was only a big, handsome boy, after all.

Breakfast was a hurried and rather silent meal, for the rancher had work to do as well as Curtis. As they rose from the table Jennie said with a smile: "I fear I'll be obliged to ask José to do up the dishes. My brother says it is a long, hard ride to the Fort if we get there by noon."

"That's right," said Calvin; "it's close on thirty miles."

As they were mounting their horses the elder Streeter said hospitably: "If you return this way, Mr. Curtis, make my ranch your half-way house." He bowed to Jennie. "My wife will be here then and you will not be obliged to cook your own meals."

"Oh, I have enjoyed it," responded Jennie. "I like to cook."

Calvin did not start when they did, but came thundering after with a wild, quavering whoop—his horse running close to the ground, with ears viciously laid back. The young rider made a fine figure as he swept past them, swift as the swoop of an eagle. His was the perfection of wild horsemanship. He talked, gesticulated, rolled cigarettes, put his coat on or off as he rode, without care of his seat. Riding was to him more than a habit; it was an instinct.

"It's all here, Jennie," said Curtis; "the wild country, the Indian, the gallant scout and the tender maiden."

"That's just it, George; I'm not the tender maiden. I'm too much of a soldier's daughter to get a thrill—but it is very beautiful. Since we left the wagon road it really seems like the primitive wilderness."

"It is. This little wedge of Tetong land is untouched by the white man. It is all these brave people have saved from the settler. Every acre is battle ground. Here within a hundred miles are a dozen bloody fields. They made their last stand here. The reflux from the coast caught them here, and here they fought blindly, desperately."

The girl's eyes widened. "It's tragic, isn't it?"

"Yes, but so is all life—except to Calvin Streeter—and even *he* wants what he can't get. He told me this morning he wanted to go to Chicago and take a fall out of a judge who fined him for choking a thief nearly into convulsions. There's his unsatisfied ambition. As he told me about it he snarled like a young wolf."

It was nearly noon when Calvin halted on the crest of the divide and waited for them to come up. They had reached the top of the western wall of the Valley of the Elk River—a little, trickling stream. All about the crisscrossing trails gave evidence that the Tetongs still were horsemen. It was a barren land—a land of pine-clad ridges and deep arid valleys opening to the north; hot and dusty in summer and fiercely cold in winter. Below lay the Agency, occupying the quarters of old Fort Smith, which were composed of low log buildings set about a parade-ground. Their red roofs and whitewashed walls formed a pleasant picture.

"The old Fort doesn't look as it did when I was here in 188–. It swarmed then with bluecoats. It is now one of the hundred 'abandoned forts.' Army days in the West are almost gone. What a waste of human life it was on both sides!" Then with resolute voice he called, "Forward!"

As they alternately slid and trotted down the trail, native horsemen could be seen coming and going, their gay blankets sparkling in the clear air. Others on foot were clustered about the central building where the flag was drooping on a tall staff. As his party crossed the stream and entered upon the flat land leading to the barracks the Captain's keen eyes searched the ground and the buildings.

"Needs some policing," he said aloud to Jennie. Bones, rags, pieces of boards and a couple of dead dogs littered the vacant space between the river and the Fort.

As they drew rein at the gate before the office they met two men, one a middle-aged man with a dirty gray beard and fat, bloated cheeks, who said blandly: "Good-morning, sir. Good-morning, Miss. Won't you 'light off?"

Curtis dismounted. "Are you Mr. Sennett?"

"I am; what can I do for you?" He turned to his companion, a tall young man with innocent gray eyes and a loose, weak mouth. "Clarence, take the lady's horse. Won't you come in?"

"Thank you," said the Captain. "I have a little business with you first. I am Captain Curtis of the —th, detailed to act as Agent here. It is an unpleasant duty, but I am ordered to take immediate charge of your desk, and all papers and books. You will therefore surrender all your keys to me at once."

The man's big red cheeks faded till they were the exact color of his beard—then the angry blood came surging back till his face was knobby with its weight.

"I'll be d—— if I do. It is an outrage!"

Curtis spoke with quiet power. "You can't afford to make any trouble. I am under strict orders of the Department to take you unawares and on no account to let you return to your office. You can have your choice, either to yield quietly or at the muzzle of my revolver. I hope, Mr. Sennett, you have sense enough not to bring on a scene. I'll show you my authority when we are in your own house. If you think a moment you will see that instant acquiescence is best."

While Sennett hesitated two chiefs, Elk and Two Horns, drew near. Lifting his hand, Curtis signed swiftly:

"I am your new Agent. The Great Father has heard that the old Agent is bad. I am here to straighten matters out. I am 'Little Eagle'—don't you remember? I came with 'Bear Robe.'"

The faces of the old chiefs lit up with recognition. "Aye, we remember! We shake your hands; it is good."

The Captain then asked: "Who is your interpreter?—one you can trust; one who can read also."

The two men looked at each other for a moment, then, catching sight of a white man who was regarding the scene from a doorway, not very distant, Two Horns said, in English: "Him—Nawson."

"Bring him," said Curtis.

This man was eager to see what was going on and at once responded to the summons. As he came up Elk signed: "This is our friend; he will read the paper for us."

Curtis said: "I am Captain Curtis of the —th, detailed to act as Agent here. This is my commission, which I wish you would read to these chiefs."

The young man extended his hand. "I'm glad to meet you, Captain Curtis, very glad indeed." As they shook hands he added: "I've read your articles on the sign language with great pleasure. My name is Lawson."

Curtis smiled. "Not Osborne Lawson! I'm glad to know you. I've read your books with delight. This is my sister, Mr. Lawson."

Mr. Lawson shook hands with Jennie, who liked him very much. His manner was direct and his voice pleasing. He was tall, a little stooping, but strong and brown. "Now, Captain, what can I do for you?"

"I want you to read this commission to the chiefs here, and then I intend to put a guard on the office door. Mr. Sennett is not to be permitted to reënter his office. These are harsh measures, but I am a soldier, and must obey orders."

Lawson looked thoughtful. "I see." He took the paper in his hand and said in Docota: "It is as this man has said. The Great Father has sent him here to take charge of the office. Your old Agent"—pointing to Sennett—"is not allowed to go back to his office for fear he might hide something. Have the police put a guard on the door. The Captain will try to find out why you have not received your rations. This is the secret of this paper and here is the signature of the Secretary. This is a true thing and you must now obey Captain Curtis. We know him," he said, looking around him. "He was the man who commanded the Cheyennes when they were soldiers for the white man."

"Good! Good!" said the chiefs. "We understand. What shall we do?" they signed to Curtis.

He replied: "Guard the door of the office and of the issue house. Let no one but those I bring, enter. I see the police captain before me. Will you do as I say?" he asked.

"Aye!" replied the officer, whose name was Crow.

"Then all is said; go guard the door."

Sennett and his son had withdrawn a little from the scene and were talking in low voices. Having placed themselves in the worst possible position they were beginning to be alarmed. As the talk reached this point they started to cross the road.

"Wait a moment, gentlemen," called Curtis. "My orders are very definite. I must precede you. There is a certain desk in your library, Mr. Sennett, which I must search."

Sennett flamed out in wild wrath: "By ——! You go too far!"

"Silence!" called Curtis. "Another oath and I'll put you in the guard-house."

"Do you suppose I'm going to submit to a thing like this? It is damnable! You can't treat me like a criminal, you'll find."

"So far as my knowledge goes, that's what you are," replied Curtis. "I give you the benefit of the doubt so long as you act the gentleman, but you must respect the presence of my sister or I'll gag you." And he meant it. After a pause he said, in a quieter tone: "I don't pretend to judge your case, Mr. Sennett; I am obeying orders."

"I have powerful friends. You will regret this." Sennett continued to mutter, but the young clerk was as one smitten dumb, his breathing seemed troubled, and his big gray eyes were childish in their fixed stare of terror.

Lawson at this moment interposed. "Can I do anything further, Captain? Command me freely."

"No, I think not, except to see that the police understand the situation."

"Won't you come to dinner with us?" asked Lawson. "I have some artist friends messing with me in one of the old quarters and our midday meal is nearly ready."

Curtis smiled grimly. "Thank you; I think I must dine with Mr. Sennett. My sister may accept your invitation if she chooses."

Lawson replied: "I know the mess will be delighted." He called to a boy. "Sam, take these horses around to the corral and give them some dinner."

As Curtis walked over to the Agent's house, side by side with Sennett, Jennie looked anxious. "They may do something to him."

Lawson smiled. "Oh, I don't think so. They are quite cowed, but I'll suggest a guard." He turned to Two Horns and said in Docota: "Father, the old Agent is angry. The new Agent is brave, but he is one against two."

"I understand," said the Chief with a smile, and a few minutes later a couple of policemen sauntered across and took seats on the doorstep of the Agent's house. It was a sunny place to sit and they enjoyed being there very much. One of them understood English and the other was well able to tell an angry word.

Mr. Lawson about hunts with Jennie

THIRD CHAPTER

AS JENNIE entered the old barracks she uttered a cry of amazement. Outwardly a rude structure of whitewashed logs, inwardly the walls glowed with color and light. Costly rugs were on the floor, Oriental drapery shaded the windows, and a big divan covered with a monstrous bearskin filled one corner. A huge smoky fireplace (which dated back to the first invasion of the army) occupied one end of the studio, which had been enlarged by the removal of a partition. Oil paintings without frames were tacked up against the walls and the odor of fresh pigments lingered in the air. It was a poor makeshift, but it appealed to Jennie with great power.

"This is our meeting-place," said Lawson.

A plain, quiet little woman entered at this moment with a look of inquiry on her face. To her Lawson said:

"Mattie, this is Miss Curtis, sister of the incoming Agent. Miss Curtis, Mrs. Wilcox, our chaperon." As they greeted each other he said: "There is a story to tell, but let's go in to dinner. Where is the Siren?"

"Still in the studio. She never *would* come to her meals if I didn't drag her away."

"I'm disposed to try it some day. Will you take charge of Miss Curtis?—and I will go fetch her."

Mattie reintroduced herself. "I am Mrs. Wilcox," she said with a slight smile; "but you needn't call me that; everybody calls me Mattie. I am the chaperon and housekeeper here. Mr. Lawson is a writer and is doing some Indian stories, and my niece, Elsie Brisbane, who painted these pictures, is going to illustrate them for him—at least that is what she came out here to do, but she has gone crazy over the color and is painting figure pieces."

Jennie's face grew radiant. "Oh, isn't that splendid! I hope they are going to stay a long time. I think I like being here under these conditions."

Mrs. Wilcox looked grave. "Well, Mr. Lawson says he's alarmed over the way the cattlemen talk. We may have to leave—but come up and get ready for lunch. There'll be plenty of time to talk that over."

The house was double, and in military times had been the homes of the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel respectively. Later it had been used as the school mess and Agency boarding-house, and now, according to Mrs. Wilcox, had become a nest of aliens, writers and artists, who had settled down in it to fix imperishably in ink and in pigment the fast-passing phases of Tetong life. To Jennie the thought was as delightful as it was unexpected.

Miss Brisbane rose languidly to meet her as she reëntered the sitting-room. She was tall and distinguished-looking—that Jennie perceived in a first glance. She wore a wrapper of pale red, belted at the waist with an Indian beaded belt. Her hands were slim and white, and her face imperious and rather sombre.

"I'm glad to know you, dear," she said with an assumption of cordiality, which drooped away into languor at the end. "You must make your home here with us."

Mrs. Wilcox led the way out to the dining-room, where rough white walls were also hung with hasty sketches in oil. Clearly Elsie was a worker in spite of her languid manner.

"Did you do all of these beautiful things?" asked Jennie.

Lawson answered: "She did, Miss Curtis. Don't think for a moment that Miss Brisbane is dying of heart-trouble or even consumption. Her languid manner springs from her theory of repose. When work is finished she insists the muscles and brain cells should relax. She's a horrible toiler, lackadaisical as she appears when resting."

Jennie glanced at Miss Brisbane to see how she was taking this plain talk. She was smiling dreamily, her red, round lips sweet as those of a child. "Are you going to live here?" she asked.

"As long as my brother does."

"You're a devoted sister. This is a dreadful place to stay. These horrible people—the whites are worse than the reds."

Jennie opened her eyes wide. "Why, I thought you liked them—you're painting them." She glanced round at the walls covered with sketches of squaws and papooses and warriors in war-bonnets.

The artist suddenly blazed forth. "Oh, I do them, yes—but I do them because they're good material, and because I don't want to paint the same old cows and willows and meadows that everybody else does." She was thoroughly awake now. "I've sworn to succeed, and if the public want dirty old Indians I'll give them their fill of them."

Lawson struck in soothingly. "Have a cup of tea, Elsie? We know your mind now; eat in peace." He turned to Jennie. "Miss Brisbane is two warring individuals. She's her father's daughter and—an artist. When she forgets her coal-interests and cattle-ranches and railway stock she's human. As a daughter of Andrew J. Brisbane, whose hand is on all this country, she wants to sweep the red man from the earth; as 'Elsie Bee Bee,' as we called her in Paris, she finds the noble red man most dashing material. Of course she doesn't know a thing about him either way, but that doesn't matter—there is distinction in doing him, therefore——"

Elsie interrupted him with an imperious gesture. "Silence! You shall not poison the mind of this new-found friend. They are always chaffing me about my 'two natures,' I don't know why they devil me so. They always did in Paris. They never would take me seriously, but were always throwing my wealth in my teeth. I lived as economically as any of them, too."

Lawson grinned. "Yes. She used to say, 'I live in two rooms'—but such rooms! They were rods wide and the gold was laid on in strips. The rugs were of the costliest and the furniture a dream. I suppose one of her sofa cushions would have fed me for six months."

"They weren't stuffed with hay!" retorted Elsie, and they all shrieked at the implication.

"Are you an artist, too?" asked Jennie of Lawson.

"I thought I was then. I found out later that I couldn't draw an obloid sphereogram."

Altogether the meal went off merrily and Jennie felt very well acquainted with them as they rose from the table. "I wish George could have been with us," she said.

Lawson sympathized. "Hard luck—ordered to arrest a man, he must go dine with him."

"I don't understand," said Elsie. "What are you talking about?"

Lawson was explicit. "Why, you see, Mr. Sennett, your father's appointee, has got mixed in his accounts, and Captain Curtis arrived this noon with orders to arrest him and search his desks."

"Why, how abominable!"

"Not at all. If Mr. Sennett is an honest employee of the Government he should be willing to be searched. If he isn't he needs all kinds of investigation, and he'll get it if my impression of Captain Curtis is correct."

"My father would not put a dishonest man in this place," cried Elsie. "You forget he is my uncle." She was her father's daughter again and her face was flushed with passion. "I will not listen to such accusations."

"Well, now, we'll suspend judgment," said Lawson, who knew just when to begin to change his tone. "Captain Curtis is an officer of the regular army, who has won great distinction as a commander of the Gray Horse Troop, and as an engineer and map-builder. No one will accuse him of partiality. His living doesn't depend on pleasing either Mr. Sennett or your father. The Government has good reasons for sending him and we must accept his judgment."

Elsie rose in a gust of sudden resolution. "I say it is an outrage! I am going to see Mr. Curtis——"

Lawson grew stern. "I think you would better go to your own work. Whatever protest you feel called upon to make can be made later. If you like," he said in a gentler voice, "I will represent you in the matter and go with you to see Captain Curtis during the afternoon."

Elsie, without either accepting or rejecting his offer, left the room in silence, her haughty face dark with anger.

"You were too harsh, Osborne," said Mrs. Wilcox.

"It is time she knew—or rather realized—the kind of man Henry Sennett is," replied Lawson. "I do not intend to excuse myself to her." He smiled, but his eyes were not entirely humorous as he went out.

Jennie looked at Mrs. Wilcox keenly and said: "Why does Mr. Lawson use that tone with Miss Brisbane? Are they engaged?"

Mrs. Wilcox looked grave. "That's just what none of us knows. Sometimes I think they are husband and wife—he lectures her so. I never saw him so near being angry. She's a strange girl. She calls me Aunt, but I am really a cousin to Senator Brisbane, her father. Mr. Sennett is her uncle by marriage. None of us like him; but she always defends him."

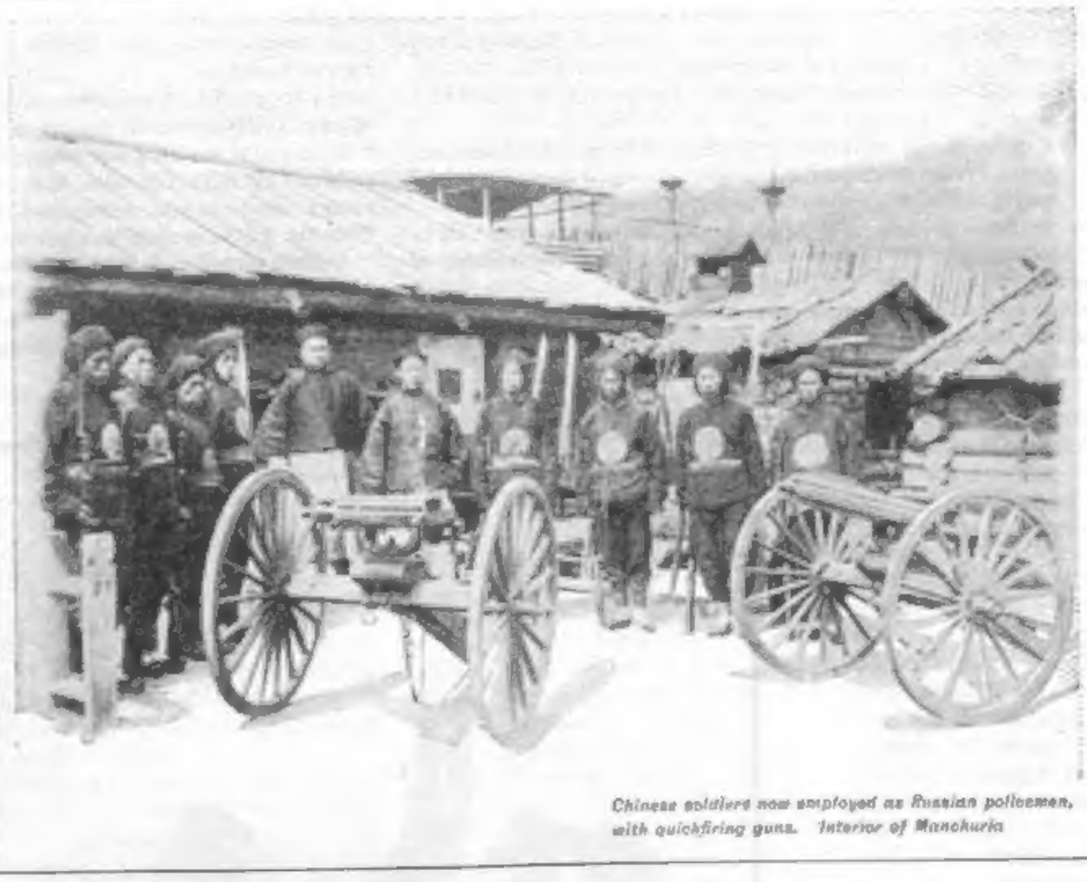
Lawson repented of his harshness and followed Elsie to her studio next door. He found her lying on her divan reading a book. She did not smile. "Go away," she said; "I don't

(*Continued on Page 19*)

The White Invasion of China

By Albert J. Beveridge
U. S. Senator from Indiana

Return of the Cossacks from the winter campaign of 1900–1901 in Manchuria. A characteristic group



Chinese soldiers now employed as Russian policemen, with quick-firing guns. Interior of Manchuria

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AN ENGLISH merchant, a German investigator and an American traveler were sitting under the tree before the English Club looking out upon the charming Bay of Chefoo. What were they discussing? Russia, of course. Everybody is discussing Russia wherever you go, and the Manchurian-Siberian Railway as the most conspicuous illustration of her activity. The Englishman closed an intemperate assault on Russia as follows:

"She will flood Oriental markets with goods from Moscow and Tver, Smolensk and her other manufacturing centres, as she will flood China and the Far East with her soldiers."

"That opinion seems absurd to me," said the German. "It is impossible for freight to be shipped to the Orient over the Siberian-Manchurian road. The distance is too great, and freight charges, if based on nothing more than operating expenses only and without profit, would be too heavy. The world's trade with the Orient, so far as European exports to China or any other parts of the Far East are concerned, must always continue to be by water."

The careful student of traffic who goes over the ground will agree with this German opinion. The Siberian-Manchurian road will bring very little European merchandise into the Orient. It is too long a haul. At lowest possible rates, the freight charge is so heavy that any thought of competition with ship lines, for that class of business, is absurd, for the present at least. Large Oriental shipments of freight will go westward by the road to Europe, but not the reverse. For example: All of the finer brands of tea, which are so much injured by moisture when transported by ship, will hereafter be shipped very largely by this railroad. Indeed, heretofore a large part of this peculiar traffic has been by camel caravan across the desert for many weeks until the Siberian Railroad was reached, and then by rail. As elsewhere, Oriental exports to Europe and all kinds of freights requiring quick dispatch will also go by the Siberian Railroad; but European exports to the Orient, in whose markets cheapness is an element of such moment, must continue to be by water. This is a fact of first-class importance to America. We are less than five thousand miles from Oriental markets, and our competitors—Germany, England, Russia and France—are nearly ten thousand miles. Comparatively, Oriental markets are right at our door; and comparatively, they are very far away indeed from our European rivals. And, for purposes of freight traffic, the Siberian-Manchurian Railroad does not bring our European competitors any closer to the markets for which we are mutually contending.

The Farsightedness of Russia's Policy

"Why, then," said the Englishman, "is Russia building this road?—not for fun, I think!" "Oh, no, not for fun—certainly not!" responded the German, "but for very farseeing, long-headed reasons, in which Russia surpasses us all. In the first place, Russia considers nothing hers which she does not control in a visible, tangible, material way; in the second place, she is always looking one or two centuries ahead; in the third place, the Russian people are hardly a people yet—they are still in the process of being compounded. Our children's children may find themselves worn out when these thick-skulled, hairy, no-nerved Slavs are just coming into their prime; and, similarly, our posterity may find themselves without markets when the future Russian may find himself in the actual possession of the only markets of the world now capable of seizure."

This bit of commercial philosophy is given for what it is worth. But, confining ourselves to the Manchurian road at present, it appears that it and the Siberian road will serve as highways for the introduction of European and American products into the very shops of the merchants and homes of the people in the interior of Manchuria, and into the markets of Siberia itself, until a point is reached where American merchants cannot afford to ship further westward, and where Moscow merchants can afford to pay the railway freights. And since America is many thousands of miles nearer to the Orient by water than any European rival, including Russia herself, these Russian railways through Manchuria and Siberia would naturally become the principal distributing agencies for American goods. But two circumstances can prevent this result: First, the placing of Port Arthur, Dalni and New-Chwang under a Russian tariff so that American importers will have to pay heavy duties, whereas Russian importers will have to pay nothing at all on landing their goods at these Russian-Asiatic ports; or second, a system of differential railroad rates by which, even if the ports remain open, the goods of every other nation except Russia will have to pay such extravagant freight charges that none but Russian merchandise can penetrate the interior along the line of the road. Neither of these dangers is impending or immediate, but they are a possibility of the near future and must be seriously considered later. But if railway rates remain uniform and ports remain open American commerce along the lines of these roads will not only be considerably increased, but actually multiplied manifold.

The Possibilities of Trade with China

"Do you not think that the long-hoped-for reform of internal communication in China will begin as a natural result of the railroad through Manchuria?" was a question asked of one of the deepest students of Oriental commerce. (The greatest practical difficulty, you know, in extending commerce among China's four hundred millions is to get the goods into the interior; an internal transportation tax on foreign goods, irregular, exorbitant and corrupt, consumes all the profits before imports penetrate two hundred miles from any port.)

"Yes," was the reply, "I have thought of that myself, and, Englishman though I am, I will admit that if the Manchurian Railway would break up the ruinous, foolish and villainous obstruction to foreign commerce in the interior, the world would accept it as a blessing notwithstanding its menace to the supremacy of other Powers in the Orient; and no possible help to the Chinese could be of such farreaching benefit."

Let us see just what this means. The Manchurian Railway runs through more than two thousand miles of Chinese provinces mostly populated. Over this spreads that network of commercial obstruction which prevents internal foreign commerce all over China. That is to say, that heretofore the Chinese merchant who wanted to transport foreign goods from one point to another in Manchuria or elsewhere in China has had to do it by carts over unimaginable roads (let us rather say imaginary roads) or by boats, and has been literally "held up" every few stages by an irregular collector of illegal transportation tax. (This is the famous "likin" tax.) But the irregular collector of corrupt transportation tax does not "hold up" the train on the Manchurian Railroad; it thunders by him unheeding. The merchant therefore gets his goods as quickly as possible to the railway, and, for a fixed and definite price, his merchandise is transported to distant points. (Of course, however, the regular and lawful "likin" is paid.) Not by any law, therefore, but by the irresistible operations of practical progress, the reform of this ancient abuse of the whole Empire of China has begun. And when you reflect that, if transportation of imports were free throughout the Chinese Empire, foreign imports to the Chinese people would increase almost immediately, with little effort, from two hundred and fifty million dollars a year (the present amount) to a thousand million dollars a year (and this is the conservative estimate of the most conservative minds), you will understand what the working out of such a reform would mean to the producers of America, who are nearly five thousand miles nearer these markets than any of their competitors.

Think of America with a Chinese commerce of one hundred millions a year! And yet, unless our statesmanship is absolutely stupid, (unthinkable thought!), we shall ultimately have a greater commerce than that.

The Revolution Wrought by Steel Rails

The stimulus to the commercial spirit of the people on the one hand, and the deadening effect upon governmental obstructions on the other hand, which the railroad is producing already in Manchuria, are astonishing only because we do not think about these things till we are brought face to face with them. The local merchant who thought no market possible to him except that within reach of his cart suddenly finds commercial limitations lifted, and a demand for his merchandise hundreds, even thousands, of miles away. The agriculturist or other producer who sold through his little merchant to this little market at no price at all and with no demand suddenly finds that his products are sought for, and at comparatively better prices. It would be a low order of mind which did not see the cause for this; and the Chinaman has not a low order of mind—commercially, he has a very keen mind. He finds the cause of this in a steel railway. From this it becomes clear to him that to get to that railway is the best thing for him. Therefore he sees for the first time in his life the necessity for good roads. And although the railroad is in process of construction, and although freight is, as yet, only hauled along the southern divisions, and then only as a matter of obliging merchants and not as a matter of business, little branches of highway are already springing up and out from this steel spinal column of commerce like growing trade nerves. As yet, of course, the improvement on these roads amounts to little. You would not notice it unless you were looking for it. But it is a safe prophecy that within ten years from the completion of the Manchurian Railway fairly passable roads will lead from every station for long distances into the interior; and from these roads others will gradually branch off. And so, populations hitherto segregated from their fellow-men will be brought into human contact with the other inhabitants of the earth. If this is not the practical spread of what is called civilization, where and how can we find the practical spread of civilization?

Good roads in China! Free transportation of exports through the interior of China! Five years ago no serious thinker upon the development of commerce in the Orient would have even talked to you about those subjects, so impossible would he have declared them. For the roads of China (and Manchuria is a part of China) are impassable sloughs of mire in the rainy season and almost impassable rivers of dust when the weather is dry. Only in winter is transportation in Manchuria practicable. Then the solidly frozen earth makes

a firm road-bed and the snow gives possibility of speed. In this respect Manchurian roads are like Russian roads; but in all other seasons—well, an attempt was made to drive to a Chinese town three miles from the point where the Russians were building a railway grade, but it had been raining for two days, and the cart sank to its bed and the ponies to their bellies before the start was fairly made. The road was impracticable, and that town was cut off from the world.

"The theory of the Chinese Government concerning roads has been that if there were no roads insurrection would be less probable and each community would be more firmly rooted to its own village," explained a gentleman of forty years' acquaintance with China and Manchuria. And the following patriotic reason was given by the Governor of one of the Manchurian provinces:

"If we had good roads, the Russians or any other invader could march right down into the heart of our country. To build a fine road through Manchuria or any other part of China would be to invite invasion by our foreign enemies."

So you see, Chinese logic makes the building of fine highways the very substance of treason; and all this is so.

"I can tell you one result of the Manchurian Railroad," said the principal American agent for locomotives, steel rails and the like. "America has sold the Manchurian road several millions of dollars' worth of engines and machinery and rails, and other railroad materials. In this respect, at least, the Russians are still buying in the best and cheapest market, and the best and cheapest market in the world is our own. It is not so with the Germans," he continued. "We underbid every one for the railway materials and other steel products for the German works at Kiaochou and the German lines in the province of Shan-Tung, but we did not get the contract. The German official explained to me that the German manufacturers demanded that preference be given to them; and it was given to them."

And so it is. "Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, No. 19510—1900"—this legend in good American language and good American letters on a good American engine running on good American rails, spiked down to a Russian railway grade in Chinese Manchuria! Sordid or not, the feeling of national pride is very strong within the American breast when this spectacle presents itself. It was seen many times in Manchuria during the summer of 1901. When the road is opened next spring you may see it for yourself. For most of the equipment for the Manchurian Railway is American; a small percentage of it is French, very little of it is Russian. Mature reflection will convince any man who has been through the locomotive works of Russia and considered the extent of her railroad lines that she cannot, for many years to come, supply her needed railway equipment. Certainly this is true of all the Manchurian and Trans-Baikal Siberian lines. After a while, maybe, she can supply her own needs. And, by the way, it is the "afterwhile" that Russia is always thinking about. If Russia would think more about the present than the future, and if America thought more about the future than the present, the present condition of one and the future condition of the other would be bettered.

A Notable Experiment in Self-Government

But what of the people? Just this of them, then. They are being brought into relation with the rest of the world—and do you know of any better method of civilization than that? They are being given work of which they never dreamed before. Wants are being created in their breasts which the commercial activities of all mankind will be called upon to satisfy. Better clothing, better food, elbow-touch and mind-contact with their fellows—so much for the people of Manchuria is this railway beginning to do. Fate, which is weaving its great web of civilization around the globe, has picked up at last this neglected strand of people, and the shuttle is already carrying it back and forward and making it a part of the fabric of material human progress.

Again, what of the people? They are being given order without favoritism, and justice without purchase, for the first time in hundreds of years. Not only so, but experiments in self-government are being tried. It will surprise Americans to know that in Manchuria the Russians established in one town local self-government, the mayor and all the town officials being elected by ballot by Chinese residents with no limitation except that of a property qualification. So contrary, so antagonistic to all previous opinions was this statement, that very careful personal investigation was made of it, and it was found to be entirely true. This experiment was ordered by Lieutenant-General Tchitchagoff, Military Governor of the Maritime Provinces at Vladivostok. (Local self-government exists in Russia; indeed it is the claim and boast of the Slavophiles that local self-government, as seen in the Russian mir, is the original as it is the most perfect expression of local self-government.) Opinions vary as to the success of the experiment. Some enthusiastic champions of the Russian ideas of local self-government claim that it worked well. The majority of practical men claim that it was almost a failure.

Carefully formed opinion from the best sources of information is that the experiment was unsuccessful in every respect. It was first taken hold of with eagerness as children handle a new toy; but, after all, it was inconsistent with Oriental ideas. And it must be remembered that if any one can successfully inaugurate local self-government among Asiatics, the Russians can do it; for the Russians have an affinity for the Asiatics, a deeply hidden kinship even, and the Russian self-government knits into the Chinese system of non-government quite naturally. The Anglo-Saxon system of self-government, on the contrary, is not natural to Asiatics, and must be pounded and riveted and ironed on to them. Another fact is noticeable in connection with this experiment. It was tried in one region which never had been in revolt against Russian authority, and the place was quite near Russian territory itself. It was exactly as if the Russian boundary line had been thrown like a lasso about the little Manchurian town where this experiment was tried.

The Mighty Benefits of "Land Stealing"

The chaplain of a British regiment stationed at Hongkong was entertaining a mixed party, in which were Germans, Frenchmen, Scotchmen and Americans, with denunciations of nearly all modern governments for what he termed "stealing the land" of other people. It was on board a steamship owned by the Chinese Merchants' Company, plying between Tien-Tsin and Shanghai. This company had among its stockholders such men as Li Hung Chang, Sheng and others of that commercial quality. It was, and now is, making very heavy dividends upon the investment, and this is only possible through the foreign commercial invasion of China. According to this good man England had "stolen" Egypt from the Egyptians and Hongkong from the Chinaman; Germany had "stolen" Kiaochou from the Chinaman; Russia had "stolen" Manchuria from the Chinaman; Holland had "stolen" Java from the Malay and America had "stolen" the Philippines from the Filipino. It was the talk with which Americans have become familiar during the last two campaigns, though sounding strangely at Hongkong.

Suddenly an American merchant, who had sat silently smoking his cigar, interrupted the English protestor against the expanding activity of modern nations and said: "I cannot permit you to talk like that without raising my voice in protest. In my own lifetime I have almost seen Hongkong changed from a barren rock with a few fishermen's huts clinging around its base to the great centre of the commerce of half the world—transformed from a focus of squalor to one of the most prosperous spots on the globe. I have been in Kiaochou when it was one of the most neglected and poverty-stricken ports in the world, and that was only four or five years ago, too. This summer I was there again (or rather at Tsing-tau, its port) and saw Germany spending millions of dollars on modern improvements, erecting hotels, warehouses, building railroads, and generally giving work at good wages to a population who, less than a decade ago, were literally starving. In Manchuria, Russia is spending one hundred and fifty million dollars on one of the most notable railway constructions of the world or of history, and additional sums in the establishment of civilized authority. In Egypt a miracle greater than the miracles of Aaron has been wrought by English organization. It makes one impatient to hear men called thieves who are spending their best energies in spreading the conditions of civilization. To those who are or have been on the ground, it is impossible to listen with patience to talk of Russia stealing Manchuria, of Germany stealing Shan-Tung, of England stealing Hongkong from the Chinese, or of the Dutch stealing Java and the Americans stealing the Philippines. One might as well say that to take a vagrant child from the streets, with which it is satisfied, and place it in cleanly and improving surroundings of which it hitherto knew nothing and for which it has no desire, is to steal from it its natural condition and birthright."

Huge Payments for Right of Way

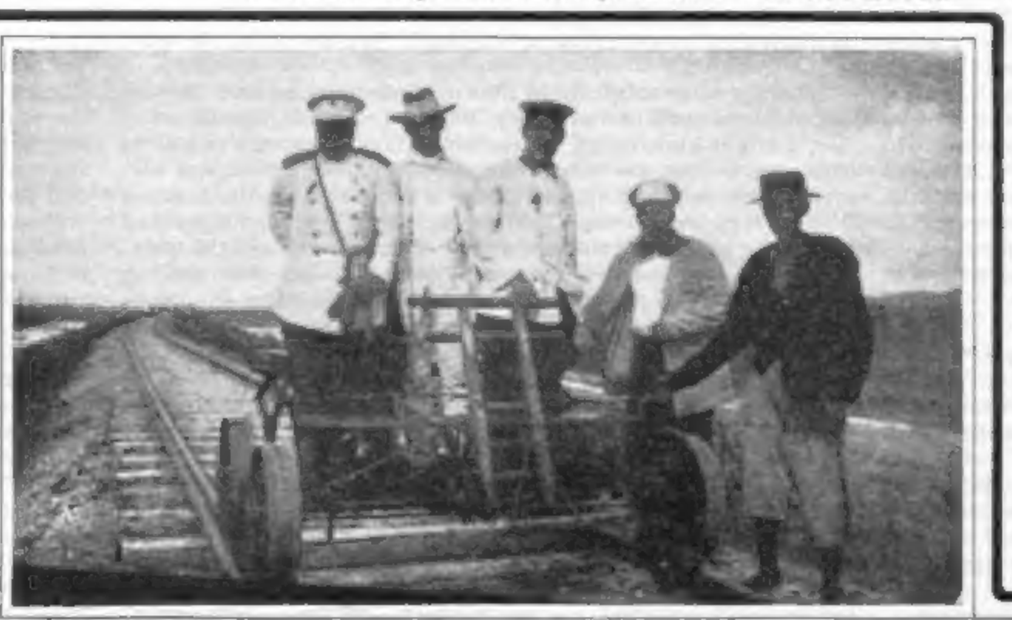
Speaking of stealing the land suggests a fact of immense interest and fertilizing information, to wit: not one foot of the right of way occupied by the Russian railway throughout Manchuria, which was owned and occupied by private persons, was taken without compensation. Not only that, but the compensation was agreed to—often fixed—by the owner of the land. The railway company or the Russo-Chinese Bank (these are the ostensible builders of the road, and we shall come to this in a subsequent paper) left the securing of the right of way to the officials of the Chinese Government themselves. The Russians understand well these officials, and the officials understand well their people. The Russians remember how the English-built road at Shanghai was torn up by order of the officials at the hands of a frenzied population the day after the period provided for in the contract had expired—torn up and twisted and demolished, and thrown into the river. So the Russians came to an understanding with the Chinese officials; and before that even the Russian Government had come to an understanding with the Chinese Government (for this road is built under a contract to which the Chinese Government is a party). And the Chinese officials, thus brought into sympathy with the Russians, and remembering the intense prejudice of the people against railways and mindful of their vivid superstitions, satisfied first of all the pockets of the landowners. Not a foot of the private land has been touched by the Russians for which its full price has not been paid, and in some instances more than its full price. Personal and independent investigation was made of this fact. For example: three thousand rubles had been paid for one tract of thirty acres—that is, a hundred rubles, or fifty dollars in gold, an acre. Higher prices than this were paid in some instances. The average price paid for good and bad land was twenty rubles an acre, or ten dollars in gold.

Sometimes the railroad will make strange little deflections to avoid a clump of trees; but it is not the trees which the road is avoiding, it is the grades of which the little grove is the monument. (A Manchurian landscape is exquisitively beautiful, made so by clumps of trees, and each clump of trees marks a burying-ground; it is the survival of an ancient and noble sentiment which makes the Chinaman wish to repose beneath the shades of the green foliage.) Sometimes, though, the expense of avoiding these burying-grounds was too great, and the railroad had to pay the family their own price for the land where their ancestors were buried. Then the remains were exhumed and placed elsewhere.

Of course, there are long stretches of the road through uninhabited plains and mountains for which nothing at all was paid. Parts of the line running through northwestern Manchuria, for example, traverse prairies whose soil is impregnated with alkali. Nobody lives there. Nobody lives in the

(Continued on Page 14)

General Ciarpitsky; Mr. Girshmann, Administrator of the Southern Manchuria Railway, and Senator Beveridge. Russian Master of Distance and Chinese laborer at the side



General Ciarpitsky addressing troops at the close of the Mukden campaign against the bandits, August, 1900

A typical bit of Manchurian countryside. "Each clump of trees marks a burying-ground"

An example of Russian construction built to stay. A massive stone culvert over a slender stream across the Manchurian right of way

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

The Purification of Party Politics

By Carter H. Harrison

Mayor of Chicago

POLITICAL reform, to be permanent and effective, must begin at the bottom and work within party lines. These conditions seem imperative, almost absolute. The former is well-nigh self-evident, and the latter calls for comparatively little argument to convince those who are reasonably familiar with practical politics of its soundness.

In the United States the township and the precinct are the foundation-stones of the civic, and therefore of the political or party, structure. One represents the smallest unit in the country, the other in the city. Upon these rests the whole political system of the land. If these are sound, the whole structure will stand; if rotten, then the safety of the entire edifice is jeopardized. Or, slightly to vary the metaphor, let it be said that the township and the precinct are the stones from which every political and party organization must be constructed. If these least and elemental units are of good material the soundness of any structure into which they are builded is insured.

In other words, no practical politician needs to be reminded that the "dirty work" of politics is done in the precinct and the township, and if effectively done all other ramifications and results will take care of themselves. When the reformer understands this as thoroughly as does the "worker," the largest lesson in political house-cleaning will have been learned. Here is where the "worker," for partisan success and spoils, for personal vindication or for reform, comes into direct and personal contact with the voter and exerts his influence, of whatever sort he may employ. No matter whether the election be national, state, district or "local," the townships and the precincts determine the result, and if these are kept in the ranks of clean politics the result will be wholesome and desirable. It is, in fact, almost impossible to draw the line between municipal and state and national politics, or to determine where the first leaves off and the latter two begin. And for this reason I shall not attempt, in this short discussion of how party politics may be purified, to go outside the municipal field for observation from which to draw arguments and conclusions.

An Epitaph of "Independent Movements"

I have always held that lasting reforms must be within party lines because the party seems to be the most enduring form of political crystallization. There is, in other words, no security on the political market which offers so stable and tempting a medium for the permanent investment of influence as that which bears the title of "party organization." Consequently this is the prize for which the alert and resourceful reformer will contend.

Often, no doubt, the man who is fighting for better politics may gain his point more quickly through the medium of an "Independent Movement;" but the advantage is lost as readily as it is gained—and generally more so. The history of Independent Movements in politics is made up of extracts copied from the tombstones of dead and buried reforms.

Men move along party lines almost as irresistibly as they obey the law of gravitation. For the moment some spasm of reform may throw them in an opposite direction, but the impetus is soon lost and they speedily return to the "party fold." And often this return is with unpleasant concussion and serious results to the individual. The Independent Movement is against the established current of political activity instead of with it, and he who would work a lasting purification of the political stream would better cleanse the source of one of these currents than waste his energies in trying to settle the impurities by attempting to run the waters through a sieve of reform, which will be carried away by the currents sooner or later. There are political wolves in every community, and so, it appears to me, the reformer who works outside party lines is able, at best, only to frighten them away for the time, while the man who masters them inside party lines has a far better chance of drawing their fangs and rendering them permanently harmless.

It may be urged by some that party lines are fast disappearing in the field of municipal politics. Though there are notable instances of this kind, such a tendency is by no means common, and the possibility that it will become general is exceedingly remote.

It is impossible to name the first step which must be taken in the line of political reform already suggested without incurring the criticism of falling into tedious commonplace and wearisome repetition. But almost every valuable idea has been reiterated to the limit of endurance before being made generally operative. Therefore I do not hesitate to repeat the statement upon which every earnest and practical reformer has rung the changes of oratory and argument: The first step in the cleansing of politics is to arouse the interest and enthusiasm of those who are now indifferent to local party affairs. All students of the problem are agreed on this as the first result to be attained; but those who have any idea regarding the method by which this is to be attained differ widely, and a lack of definite plans seems generally to prevail.

The Surest Way to Arouse the Sleepers

A thoughtful study of human nature should and does afford some suggestions of a practical sort. Nothing so arouses the activities of the average young man of this country as a little responsibility with its inevitable accompaniment of authority. In business, politics and society these two elements always go together, and I believe they furnish the key to the political enthusiasm of a large class of young men who are now indifferent to political and party affairs, who are unattached to any township, precinct or ward organization, and who hold themselves aloof from personal participation in the scramble of "small politics."

Those young men whose influence would do most to purify the turgid currents of politics—men of good education, of trained intellect and morals, of business or social standing—are the very ones who are not now interested in practical politics. Broadly speaking, they are accustomed to positions of some responsibility in the world of affairs, and are not attracted to any movement in which they are to act the part of nonentities.

Though some might hold that patriotism, pure and simple, should be a sufficient motive to inspire their enthusiastic service, a slight knowledge of human nature is enough to tell us that there must be other and more distinctly personal elements of inspiration, without which they will become "weary in well doing." Here is where responsibility and authority enter into the problem. This view forces the question: In what manner may provision be made for placing responsibility, authority and recognition upon the shoulders of political novices, the fresh recruits from the class of young men previously disinterested in politics?

It is unreasonable to expect that the party "wheel horses" and the political pot-hunters who have lived by their craft through many seasons are going to be crowded out of camp, without a protest, by the young "silk stocking" and reform recruits. This brings about a situation in which, on the one hand, we have the self-respecting young man who is accustomed to "doing things," and who is debarred by disposition and training from going into any enterprise where he is a mere pawn without recognition or responsibility. On the other hand we have the pot-hunters who have already preempted the responsible places all along the line.

Nothing is so well calculated to relieve and remedy this situation, it seems to me, as a recasting of present forms of party organization along lines which shall give to the latter greater elasticity and democracy. More positions of movement and responsibility in the lower ranks of the organization should be provided—positions which may be filled with self-respect by the spirited and intelligent young recruits who have formerly held aloof from politics. This would cause the newcomer to feel that he was not a mere nonentity, and that his worth was recognized and valued. Such a feeling would be sure to arouse his enthusiasm and inspire him to work for promotion. From the bottom to the top its influence would be felt throughout the whole structure.

Under the wholesome operation of such a movement it would be reasonable to expect that a decided change in political methods would be effected, although the change would no doubt be gradual and require considerable time. Now, for example, the members of the County Central Committee are selected in convention and the names are almost invariably picked by the "bosses" in power. With the more elastic organization suggested it would be easily possible to have the members of this committee selected at the ward primaries. The same plan would be equally, if not more, feasible within the ward and precinct. Only the practical politician can appreciate what possibilities for political purification would be opened up by this change alone. It would clear the way for the clean and upright young men of the new order to "get to the front," and by the same token the professional pot-hunters would be crowded to the rear into their rightful places as "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Along the whole line of promotion it would become a case of "the survival of the fittest," and the worthiest would go with the party, instead of against it, toward the highest places in political life.

The Money-Getting Spirit the Bane of Politics

Probably the strongest influence for bad politics in this country is our mad passion for money-getting. This I regard as the most serious defect in the American character. All other ambitions are made subservient to the race for wealth. Boys are crowded into college at a very early age so that they may be the quicker crammed through those institutions in order to waste no more time in beginning their careers as money-getters. Contrast this custom with the practice which prevails in the countries of the Old World. There a young man is taught to regard politics as an honorable field in which the young man of good birth and position may uphold the honor of his family and station, and possibly add to its lustre. He lives in an atmosphere calculated to stimulate him to an honorable ambition instead of a huge fortune. He is taught that a clean and successful career in politics which will reflect credit upon his forebears and his descendants is a greater achievement than the amassing of much wealth.

Not only does this mercenary atmosphere in our country result in keeping the most desirable young men in business and out of politics, but it also influences the shifty and undesirable to go into politics as they would into trade, wholly for the financial gain to be had by trickery and corruption. In the parlance of the professional ward worker, "everybody's on the make;" and he feels justified in living up to the prevailing motive and standard in this matter.

There is such a thing, however, as a laudable ambition to serve the public, although the cant of the political hypocrites has rendered an avowal of such a sentiment almost a gratuitous absurdity. But gradually this suspicion of the motives of men who go into politics with the capital of a good character and reputation is being removed. Every young man of integrity and standing who makes his way to a position of prominence helps to this end. In both parties there have, of late, been notable examples of this kind of achievement—and none more conspicuous than that of President Roosevelt.

The Brightening Outlook for Pure Politics

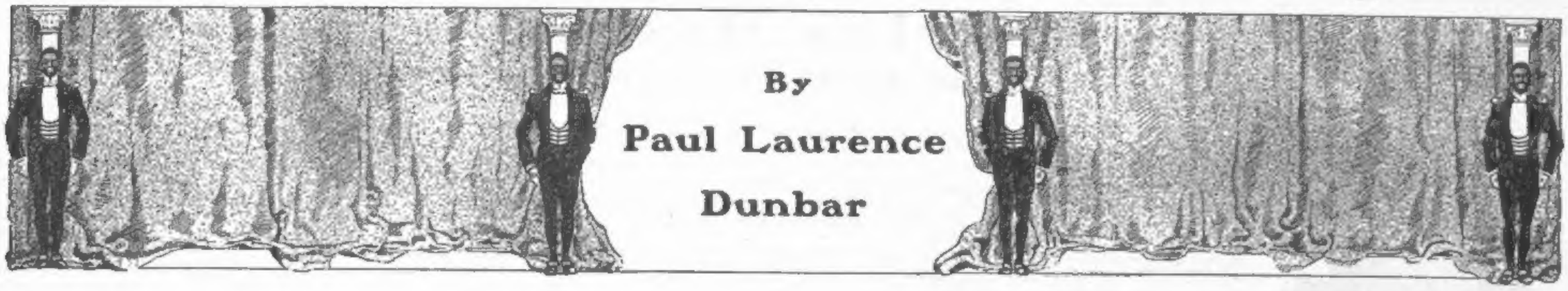
To arouse young men of high ideals to an active participation in politics, and to give them, from the start, positions in the party organization worthy of their character and abilities seems to me the surest and most enduring method of purifying politics. When the recent war with Spain brought out a call for recruits thousands of the best young men in America responded and confessed their ambition to win honor on the field of battle. The day is surely coming when the youth of this country will recognize the fact that political life has as many and as honorable victories as war, and that they are far more enduring. Then it will be possible not only to enlist men of fortune, but, what is more important, men of the highest moral and intellectual type to fight the battles of clean politics in every township, precinct, ward and district of this country. In proof of this it is only necessary to look at the change which has taken place in the *personnel* of the City Council of Chicago.

Only a few years ago it was a serious and unqualified reproach to any man to belong to that body. Then a few young men of high ideals and splendid abilities became interested in practical politics. They saw that reform must come from the bottom up, instead of from the crust down, and they took hold of precinct and ward work with the result that several of their number were sent to the Council and made brilliant records, which gave some still higher honors and prepared the way for others of their kind to crowd out the gamesters.

Along with every wave of reform, especially of the "independent" order, is heard a popular outcry against "the machine." This is often if not generally misleading, for the trouble is not that there is a "machine," or an organization, but that the machine is made up of corrupt instead of honest men. The supineness of the average citizen is the fundamental cause of the corruption of the machine. Let the honest citizen bestir himself and the machine will be transformed from an instrument of evil into an agency for good.

In the work of political purification it is almost impossible to exaggerate the influence of genuine civil service. Every removal of spoils as an incentive for political activity is a step in the direction of pure politics. As this work advances there is less for the party pot-hunters to feed upon, less to excite their cupidity, and they naturally drop out of the ranks.

Negro Society in Washington



By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar

IN SPITE of all the profound problems which the serious people of the world are propounding to us for solution, we must eventually come around to the idea that a good portion of humanity's time is taken up with enjoying itself. The wiser part of the world has calmly accepted the adage that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and has decided not to be dull. It seems to be the commonly accepted belief, though, that the colored people of the country have not fallen into this view of matters since emancipation, but have gone around being busy and looking serious. It may be heresy to say it, but it is not the truth.

The people who had the capacity for great and genuine enjoyment before emancipation have not suddenly grown into grave and reverend philosophers. There are some of us who believe that there are times in the life of a race when a dance is better than a convention, and a hearty laugh more effective than a Philippic. Indeed, as a race, we have never been a people to let the pleasures of the moment pass. Any one who believes that all of our time is taken up with dealing with knotty problems, or forever bearing around heavy missions, is doomed to disappointment. Even to many of those who think and feel most deeply the needs of their people is given the gift of joy without folly and gayety without frivolity.

Nowhere is this more clearly exemplified than in the social doings of the Negro in Washington, the city where this aspect of the colored man's life has reached its highest development. Here exists a society which is sufficient unto itself—a society which is satisfied with its own condition, and which is not asking for social intercourse with whites. Here are homes finely, beautifully and tastefully furnished. Here come together the flower of colored citizenship from all parts of the country. The breeziness of the West here meets the refinement of the East, the warmth and grace of the South, the culture and fine reserve of the North. Quite like all other people, the men who have made money come to the capital to spend it in those social diversions which are not open to them in the smaller and more provincial towns. With her sister city, Baltimore, just next door, the Negro in Washington forms and carries on a social life which no longer can be laughed at or caricatured under the name "Colored Sassiety." The term is still funny, but now it has lost its pertinence.

A Society Sufficient to Itself

The opportunities for enjoyment are very numerous. Here we are at the very gate of the South, in fact we have begun to feel that we are about in the centre of everything, and that nobody can go to any place or come from any place without passing among us. When the soldiers came home from the Philippines last summer, naturally they came here, and great were the times that Washington saw during their stay. At a dinner given in honor of the officers two Harvard graduates met, and, after embracing each other, stood by the table and gave to their astonished hearers the Harvard yell at the top of their voices. One was a captain of volunteers, and the other, well, he is a very dignified personage, and now holds a high office.

And just here it might not be amiss to say that in the social life in Washington nearly every prominent college in the country is represented by its graduates. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Amherst, Pennsylvania, with women from Smith, Wellesley, Cornell, Oberlin, and a number of others of less prominence.

The very fact of our being so in the way of traffic has brought about some very amusing complications. For instance, and this is a family secret, do any of you uninitiated know that there were three inaugural balls? The whites could only afford one, but we, happy-go-lucky, pleasure-loving people, had to have two, and on the same night. There were people coming here from everywhere, and their friends in the city naturally wanted to show them certain courtesies, which was right and proper. But there are cliques, and more cliques, as everywhere else, and these cliques differed strenuously. Finally, they separated into factions: one secured the armory, and, the other securing another large hall, each gave its party. And just because each tried to outdo the other, both were tremendous successes, though the visitors, who, like the dying man, had friends in both places, had to even up matters by going first to one and then the other, so that during the whole of that snowy March night there was a good-natured shifting of guests from one ballroom to the other. Sometimes the young man who happened to be on the reception committee at one place and the floor committee at the other got somewhat puzzled as to the boutonnière which was his insignia of office, and too often hapless ones found themselves standing in the midst of one association with the flower of the other like a badge upon his lapel.

Each faction had tried the other's mettle, and the whole incident closed amicably.

The War of the Social Cliques

One of the beauties and one of the defects of Washington life among us is this very business of forming into cliques. It is beautiful in that one may draw about him just the circle of friends that he wants, who appeal to him, and from whom he can get what he wants; but on the other hand, when some large and more general affair is to be given which comprises Washington not as a home city, but rather as the capital of the nation, it is difficult to get these little coteries to disintegrate. The only man who is perfectly safe is the one who cries, "The world is my clique!" and plunges boldly into them all.

Of course, there are some sets which could never come together here. And we are, in this, perhaps imitators; or is it the natural evolution of human impulse that there should be placed over against each other a smart set?—yes, a smart set, don't smile—and a severe high and mighty, intellectual set, one which takes itself with eminent seriousness and looks down on all the people who are not studying something, or graduating, or reading papers, or delivering lectures as frivolous. But somehow, in spite of this attitude toward them, the smart young and even the smart old people go on having dances, teas and card parties, and talking small talk, quite oblivious of the fact that they are under the ban.

Washington has been card crazy this year, and for the first time on record the games did not end with the first coming of summer, but continued night after night as long as there was anybody in town to play them. For be it known that we also put up our shutters and go to the mountains or seashore, where we lie on the sands or in the open air and get tanned, if our complexions are amenable to the process, and some of them are.

There are to my knowledge six very delightful card clubs, and I know one couple who for twenty-five years have had their friends in for cards on every Thursday night in the autumn and winter. If the charitable impulse overtakes us there is a run on the department stores of the city for bright new decks of cards and bisque ornaments, the latter to be used as prizes in the contests to which the outside world is invited to come and look on.

Even after the shutters are put up, when our Negro lawyers lay aside their documents, and our doctors put their summer practice on some later sojourner in town, the fever for the game follows the people to their summer resorts, and the old Chesapeake sees many a game of whist or euchre under the trees in the daytime or out on lantern-lighted porches at night.

But let no one think that this diversion has been able to shake from its popularity the dances. And how we dance and dance, summer and winter, upon all occasions, whenever and wherever we can. Even when, as this year, we have not been compelled by the inauguration of a President to give something "socially official," there is enough of this form of amusement to keep going the most earnest devotee. There are two leading dancing clubs formed of men, and one which occasionally gives a dance, but mostly holds itself to itself, formed of women. The two first vie with each other winter after winter in the brilliancy of their affairs, one giving its own especial welcome dance with four assemblies; the other confining itself to one or two balls each year.

Not the Comic Balls We Know

Do not think that these are the affairs which the comic papers and cartoonists have made you familiar with; the waiters' and coachmen's balls of which you know. They are good enough in their way, just as are your butchers' picnics and your Red Men's dances, but *these* are not of the same ilk. It is no "You pays your money and you takes your choice" business. The invitations are not sent to those outside of one particular circle. One from beyond the city limits would be no more able to secure admission or recognition without a perfect knowledge of his social standing in his own community than would Mrs. Bradley-Martin's butler to come to an Astor ball. These two extremes are not so far apart, but the lines are as strictly drawn. The people who come there to dance together are people of similar education, training and habits of thought. But, says some one, the colored people have not yet either the time or the money for these diversions, and yet without a minute's thought there come to my mind four men, who are always foremost in these matters, whose fortunes easily aggregate a million dollars. All of them are educated men with college-bred children. Have these men not earned the right to their enjoyments, and the leisure for them? There are others too numerous to mention who are making five or six thousand a year out of their professions or investments. Surely these may have a little time to dance?

There is a long distance between the waiter at a summer hotel and the man who goes down to a summer resort to rest after a hard year as superintendent of an institution which pays him several thousand a year. In this connection it afforded me a great deal of amusement some time ago to read from the pen of a good friend of mine his solemn comments upon the Negro's lack of dramatic ability. Why? Because he had seen the waiters and other servants at his summer hotel produce a play. Is it out of place for me to smile at the idea of any Harriet of any race doing The Second Mrs. Tanqueray?

View us at any time, but make sure that you view the right sort, and I believe you will not find any particular racial stamp upon our pleasure-making. Last year one of the musical societies gave an opera here, not perhaps with distinction, but brightly, pleasantly, and as well as any amateur organization could expect to give it. Each year they also give an oratorio which is well done. And, believe me, it is an erroneous idea that all our musical organizations are bound up either in a scientific or any other sort of study of rag-time. Of course, rag-time is pleasant, and often there are moments when there are gathered together perhaps ten or twelve of us, and one who can hammer a catchy tune, rag-time or not, on the piano is a blessed aid to his companions who want to two-step. But there, this is dancing again, and we do not dance always.

Indeed, sometimes we grow strongly to feel our importance and to feel the weight of our own knowledge of art and art matters. We are going to be very much in this way this winter, and we shall possibly have some studio teas as well as some very delightful at-homes which will recall the reign, a few years ago, of a bright woman who had a wealth of social tact and grace, and at whose Fridays one met every one worth meeting resident here and from the outside. The brightest talkers met there and the best singers. You had tea and biscuit, talk and music. Mostly your tea got cold and you forgot to munch your biscuit because better things were callin' you. This woman is dead now. Her memory is not sad, but very sweet, and it will take several women to fill her place.

A Season of Literature, Music and Art

There are going to be some pleasant times, though different in scope, in the studio of a clever little woman artist here. She is essentially a miniature painter, but has done some other charming and beautiful things; but above all that, and what the young people are possibly going to enjoy especially, she is a society woman with all that means, and will let them come, drink tea in her studio, flirt behind her canvases, and talk art as they know it, more or less. Her apartments are beautiful and inspiring. The gatherings here, though, will be decidedly for the few. These will be supplemented, however, later in the year by one of the musical clubs which is intending to entertain S. Coleridge Taylor, who is coming over from London to conduct his cantata, "Hiawatha." Mr. Taylor is a favorite here, and his works have been studied for some time by this musical club. It is expected that he will be shown a great many social courtesies.

An article on Negro social life in Washington, perhaps, ought almost to be too light to speak of the numerous literary organizations here, the reading clubs which hold forth; but, really, the getting together of congenial people, which is, after all, the fundamental idea of social life, has been so apparent in these that they must at least have this passing notice.

In the light of all this, it is hardly to be wondered at that some of us wince a wee bit when we are all thrown into the lump as the peasant or serving class. In aims and hopes for our race, it is true, we are all at one, but it must be understood, when we come to consider the social life, that the girls who cook in your kitchens and the men who serve in your dining-rooms do not dance in our parlors.

To illustrate how many there are of the best class of colored people who can be brought thus together a story is told of a newcomer who was invited to a big reception. A Washingtonian, one who was initiated into the mysteries of the life here, stood beside him and in an aside called off the names of the guests as they entered. "This is Doctor So-and-So," as some one entered the room, "Surgeon-in-chief of Blank Hospital." The stranger looked on in silence.

(*Concluded on Page 18*)

SOPHOMORES ABROAD

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

Author of "The Diary of a Harvard Freshman"

"They haven't the style of English and German soldiers, . . . but they do look so intelligent and comfortable"

IT SEEMED so stupid of us not to have gone at once to our bankers that, in thinking the matter over, I couldn't help wondering whether Berri hadn't all along known that it was the only thing to do, and had deliberately not done it. However, when I accused him of this, he just laughed and said: "Your father has definitely made up his mind that we are both hopeless. His attitude toward me is that of a person who has formally washed his hands. But, by Heaven—the good time we had was worth it!"

The morning after Berri's great light had dawned on him he slipped off to the bank before I was awake, and when I opened my eyes about an hour later he was standing by my bed with a letter from his Aunt Josephine in his hand. (There was also one for me from papa, but this he didn't tell me about until afterward.) Furthermore, he wouldn't tell me where the family were staying, but said that if I got up immediately and hurried we might breakfast with them. His manner was so serious and restrained that at first I was afraid something had happened and he didn't know just how to break the news. But later I found out that he was merely smothering wild shrieks of laughter and couldn't do it in any other way.

We ran downstairs as soon as I was ready, hailed one of the hansom cabs that glide slowly up and down the short street all day and most of the night, and jumped in. At least I did; Berri stopped a moment to give the driver directions which—although I couldn't hear them—seemed to be long and complicated. Then we whirled around a few corners and plunged into the thick of Piccadilly. For a time I knew where we were, but we soon got into a maze of city streets I didn't recognize. The crowd in the "city" part of London is something appalling. It's so unending and so dense that after you've been in it for about fifteen minutes you begin to forget that it's composed of men and women, and horses and vehicles; you lose all sense of individuality—even your own strikes you as pathetically unimportant—and you find yourself regarding the slow, never-ceasing procession as if it were a sluggish subterranean river. Berri said he was glad he didn't have to see it often as it always gave him a sort of contempt for the value of human life.

"I like to imagine a great absent-minded monster from another planet," he declared, "with stone feet the size of ocean steamers, striding across the city—one leg in, say, the Strand and the other in Ludgate Hill. Think of the thousands he would squash, and then think of all the other thousands that would flow on just the same and cover up the bare places almost before you knew anything had happened."

During the inevitable discussion that followed I didn't pay any attention to where we were going until, all at once, I saw by a clock in a jeweler's window that we had been driving for three-quarters of an hour.

"Where in the world are they staying?" I demanded, for I was beginning to believe that the driver had lost his way. But Berri wouldn't say more than that the distances in London and Paris are really incredible.

"And there's so much sameness about it all," I added. "Now this square that we are just passing through is almost exactly like one near our hotel; it's a little larger, and the houses look rather newer, but otherwise the two places are practically the same. What's the matter with you?" I asked; for Berri gave a loud whoop and leaned back in the cab.

"Something has blown into my eye," he exclaimed. "Quick—quick—take my handkerchief and get it out; it's killing me."

While I was in the midst of this operation—it took some time and I couldn't find anything—the cab stopped and we both got out. Then I turned to Berri and the driver (who were both laughing at me), stared at the street and wondered if I had gone crazy; for we were standing in front of our own private hotel.

"You don't mean to say——" I began. Here Berri put his hands over his ears and shrieked.

"I do—I do," he declared, sitting down on the doorstep. "They have rooms under ours, and have had ever since they got here!"

Well, all I have to say is that it will be a depressing day for the police when the red-handed murderer and the absconding bank president discover some of the possibilities of an English private hotel.

I don't quite know how I induced the family to let me go to France with Berri, for they all agree that it is eminently unsafe for me to be out of their sight for a moment. Papa has never regained even his skeptical faith in my ability since the time, a year or so ago, when I came home from a little trip and let my trunks repose in the railway station for four days before sending for them. The dollar he had to pay for storage might be a small matter, papa declared, but it was annoyingly significant of my thoughtlessness.

"You're not a millionaire, and yet most of your actions seem to be based upon the assumption that you are," he said. "Now I don't mind your spending a dollar if you get anything for it. But in this case you've got nothing."

"I don't see how you make that out," I complained.

"Well, what on earth did you get?" he demanded. To which I brilliantly replied:

"Why—I got the trunks."

Mamma, however, has brief moments of belief in me, and she must have been in the midst of one when I told her that Berri was going to meet his mother somewhere on the other side of the Channel and wanted me to travel with him; for she said she realized perfectly that a family party was not one continuous round of hectic gayety, and told papa that he ought to let me go—which, after a heart to heart on the subject of irresponsibility, he very kindly did. To be altogether frank—although we are in every way a united and devoted family anywhere—I think we find it easier to display our most pleasing qualities around the cozy red lamp of home. The same inducements to a difference of opinion don't seem to obtain there. Ordering a meal at a restaurant, for instance, is a detail, but I am convinced that the world would be more teeming with fond parents and loving children if the necessity for doing it didn't, in traveling, daily arise. I have noticed that the various members of touring family parties never seem to know what they want to eat, beyond the fact that it isn't what anybody else wants. Some day I shall write a paper on the incompatibility of hunger.

Berri, in this respect at least, is extremely easy to get along with—chiefly, I think, because he is so definite in his likes and dislikes. He always knows just what he wants to eat and drink, and never hesitates to say so. In the matter of sightseeing he is much the same. He says he once and for all has done with certain European sights just as he has struck turnips, parsnips, onions, cabbage and all the other "intrinsically vulgar vegetables"—as he calls them—off his bill-of-fare. In fact, before we left London he wrote out a little list of things that he came to Europe not to see. Here are a few of them:

1. Ornamental gratings filled with the bones of slaughtered virgins.
2. Any other kind of bones.
3. Frescoed ceilings that hurt the back of your neck.
4. Embalmed saints.
5. Dungeons, catacombs or other localities in which you drop candle-grease on your best clothes.
6. The pictures of Peter Paul Rubens—which have all the shy, rosy grace of dead pigs in a butcher shop.
7. The inside of royal palaces; they possess all the vulgarity and none of the comfort of a New York hotel.
8. Plowed fields (especially if it's raining) on which the entire course of human events was changed.
9. Provincial museums full of kitchen utensils pertaining to the stone age.

"If you go to see any of these things," Berri warned me, "you'll have to go alone."

To tell the truth, I couldn't help feeling for a moment as if we might as well have stayed at home. The things Berri was resolved to omit seemed to be the very sights people come to Europe for. However, he explained, there were others. He declared—making use of his favorite metaphor—that he would leave no straw unturned in which he could find a Gothic cathedral concealed; and he said he never got tired of taking walks in the country, especially if there were hills to climb with views on the other side. He's very fond, too, of old gardens—formal gardens with box hedges and borders, and fountains and stone balustrades, where peacocks ought to preen themselves, and so rarely do. (I maintain that only swans "preen;" peacocks strut. But Berri says his great-grandmother used to sing a song that began:

"Oh, come into the ha-ha
And watch the peacocks preen,
For it's the prettiest sight, my dear,
That you have ever seen."

I'm quite sure that he made this up on the spur of the moment, just to lend a certain historical authority to his assertion; but when Berri quotes his great-grandmother at me I always retract everything.)

"And rivers—oh, rivers! I'm just crazy about them," he confided to me when we were talking over our trip. "France simply sparkles with the nicest little ones you ever saw, winding through the loveliest landscapes in the world—all dinky little fields and orchards, and broad white roads and lonely old stucco country houses, and tall poplar trees shimmering against the sky. We'll go down the Seine from Rouen to Le Havre; then we'll cross the bay (it's always frightfully rough there, and everybody on the boat, with the exception of you and me, will wish he were dead) and go up the Orne to Caen. You remember Caen in Fine Arts, don't you—and the way the tutor pronounced 'l'Abbaye aux Hommes,' and 'l'Abbaye aux Dames'? What a hideous night that was!—it cost four dollars. And now, when all the architectural details would be so useful, I can't remember a thing the creature told us. Poor dear Beau Brummel is buried in the cemetery at Caen—but we won't be sufficiently well dressed to warrant our visiting his grave. Then some day when we're at Dinard we'll go up the Rance—another river. It's the best of all, I think. But then every one you see looks more like Corot and Daubigny and Claude Lorraine than the last."

Our destination was really Dinard, as Berri was to meet his mother there. But she was off yachting somewhere, and as her return was rather uncertain Berri thought we had better not go there until we had to. Dinard, he said, was the kind of place that's full of tiresome people you haven't the slightest desire to know, but whom you simply must know if you go there at all for fear they might think you couldn't.

"My mother knows them all intimately, so we'll wait in less stupid places," Berri suggested.

The very little I saw of England was extremely interesting and all that, but somehow you don't get the thoroughly "foreign feeling" until the little Channel boat almost abruptly stops plunging and tossing and begins to slip alongside the quays of Boulogne. There probably isn't anything especially wonderful about Boulogne—at least the guidebook doesn't lead one to believe that there is. And yet from the deck of the steamer it was by far the most thrilling place I had ever seen.

It seems rather absurd to write it down, but I couldn't help wondering for the first ten minutes why, with only a narrow strip of water between them, England should be so marvelously English and France so marvelously French. If the trip

—watching the town grow more definite and French every moment!

Editor's Note—This is the third story in Mr. Flandrau's series, Sophomores Abroad. The next installment will appear three weeks hence.

from Folkestone were a long one you wouldn't, perhaps, be so impressed by this; after you've been out of sight of land for more than a week you're not only prepared for something entirely different, but you more or less demand it. But the crossing from Folkestone took little more than an hour; and there wasn't, as far as I could see, a building, a tree, a man, woman or child in Boulogne that wouldn't have been out of place across the way. Even the weather, as Berri remarked, decided to observe the convention. For England had faded behind a curtain of gray rain, and France appeared light-colored and brilliant in the afternoon sun

How completely I forgot myself as I stood there watching the town grow more definite and French every moment! First, there was a broad beach covered with hundreds of little bathing machines -wardrobes on wheels they looked like Crowds of bathers were jumping about in the surf and they waved to us as we steamed by. Above, on a terrace, there was a casino gay with flags; and behind it the weather-beaten town stretched along the river. It is the sort of town that makes you feel you could paint, if you only knew how to draw. There were rows of tall, narrow, steep-roofed, gabled houses of buff and blue and green and pink stucco, softened by the rain and salt air until they all went perfectly with one another and everything else.

The boat glides past them, separated only by the quay and the street—a sort of stage where the entire population seemed to be gathering in a busy operatic fashion as if for a first act. There were fishermen mending nets, or stretching them to dry along the stone parapet; and there were groups of women—broad, massive, gesticulating. Berri said that they were fishwives—that all broad, massive and gesticulating women invariably are. And there were workmen with crimson sashes piling cobblestones into a wagon, and sailors with deep collars of pale blue and rakish white duck caps with a little dab of bright red on top, just in the centre. There were boys in long white aprons carrying queer-shaped wooden platters under their arms—butcher boys, according to Berri; and boys all in white, with curious linen caps and their sleeves rolled up—baker boys

And there were soldiers—the slouchiest, most unmilitary-looking little creatures imaginable, in absurdly loose red trousers and badly fitting blue jackets. (I didn't like them then, and I'm not exactly enthusiastic about them now, although I'm more used to them But Berri says that before I leave I'll change my mind. "They haven't the style of English and German soldiers," he says; "they never look shaved, and their vast trouser pockets, buttoned at the hip, are always bulging with all sorts of things—like a schoolboy's—which destroys even the slight military outline some of the taller ones might have in spite of the way their clothes hang. But they do look so intelligent and comfortable." Privately, I've always been of the opinion that it was a soldier's first duty to look neither one nor the other of these things.)

Then, too, there were ladies in light fluffy gowns, and dapper little gentlemen who managed somehow to appear even more summery and ladylike than the ladies.

I don't suppose that anything in particular was happening. The arrival of the Folkestone boat is too frequent an occurrence to produce any excitement; and yet there was an animation, a pleasant, cheerful, human vivacity about the scene (Berri says that in French towns you always think a band is playing whether one is or not) that at home is induced only by, say, a circus parade or a bright Easter morning, and that in England, from all accounts, is never induced at all

It would be interesting to know just why the average (I was going to write "tourist"—but somehow you always balk when it comes to calling yourself a tourist. A tourist, I notice, is invariably some one else)—It would be interesting to know, then, just why the average "traveler" always gets this distinctly allegro impression of France—or rather, just why France is perennially able to give it to him. We've been in the country for some time now, and although my intelligence tells me that life here is made up of the good and bad, the rich and poor, the well and sick, the strenuous and idle, just as it is at home—and that for this reason there is probably as much unhappiness here as there is anywhere else—the general effect, as a rule, is more inspiring and satisfactory.

I got to thinking of these things, because the other evening at Rouen, when we were sitting at a little round table listening to the orchestra in front of one of the great cafés down by the Seine, I happened to notice critically for the first time the crowd on the sidewalk. It was made up of laborers with their wives and children, stokers from the freight boats and porters from the docks. The crude electric lights of the café brought out all the details of their grimy clothes and their pale, dull, sad faces—the faces of people everywhere who do the work that ought to be done by beasts and machinery, who do it on bad food, and who, above all, know somewhere down deep that until they die they're never going to do anything else.

Then, the next afternoon I think it was (we were still at Rouen), while Berri and I were taking a walk we heard a sudden, strange sound in the distance—a burst of voices rising in mingled anger and exultation. Down the narrow street four mounted soldiers came clattering, their accoutrements ablaze in the sunlight, their black horse tail plumes spreading in the breeze. Behind them, a long, brown, evil looking, boxed-up omnibus thing rumbled over the stones This was followed by four more glittering soldiers and a vindictive, yelling, fist-shaking mob that gradually dropped behind and dispersed as the black Maria and its escort increased their speed

"It must be a *condamnation à mort*," said Berri as we turned to watch the dramatic little procession descend the hill. And just as he said it the street began to resound with the hoarse voices of the men who sell newspapers, crying "*Condamnation à mort—vient de paraître! condamnation à mort!*"

Berri bought one of the extras—a broad, moist sheet printed only on one side—and read the headlines. It was a squalid little tragedy, and the man most concerned in it had just been sentenced in the *Cour d'Assises*. While Berri stood translating a paragraph here and there I watched the horrible wagon sway across the bridge in a cloud of golden dust, and pictured the wretch huddled inside—his ears throbbing to the deep bay of the newspaper men and the howls of the mob.

—if I ever go to Beauvais again I probably sha'n't spend the better part of the morning asking where the governmental cake manufactory is when I wish to find the governmental establishment for making tapestry

It was these things that made me wonder why you are so inclined to consider France as pitched in one continuously inspiriting key. Perhaps it's just as well not to scrutinize faces under an electric light, nor to visit towns when the *Cour d'Assises* is in session

One great new truth has recently made itself clear to me and that is: France is the very best place in the world in which to learn French. You learn more here in an hour than you do in a month at school or college; and the reason isn't so much because you hear it everywhere as because when you're trying to talk it you haven't the feeling that you're playing at something—keeping up an elaborate and somewhat painful pretense. In the places we've been to—Amiens, Beauvais and Rouen—we haven't come across any one who spoke English. So when I talk, which I have to do when Berri isn't present, I know that I'm doing something real—that is to say, my necessity is real—not my French. My French is awful; and it never seems so bad as it does when I listen to Berri. He speaks so flexibly and perfectly—always choosing his words and constructions to fit his ideas. My ideas have to be very carefully selected to fit my words. I've even heard Berri get extremely angry in French; and when a person can forget his dignity in a foreign language, without at the same time forgetting his accent and grammar, it means that he's arrived. But I'm improving. I'll never again, for instance, say—as I did to the proprietress of the hotel at Amiens on arriving: "*Nous avons dîné sur le train!*" She had a strained, queer look about her mouth for a moment, and Berri giggled

"I wish we had," he declared; "it wouldn't have been nearly so stuffy as it was inside. Now don't blame that poor *dame* for gulping down a laugh She really couldn't help thinking how funny we must have looked eating our dinner on the roof of the express train from Boulogne—which is precisely what you told her we did."

Then if I ever go to Beauvais again I probably sha'n't spend the better part of the morning asking where the governmental cake manufactory is when I wish to find the governmental establishment for making tapestry. Berri had gone through the works and didn't care to do it again, so I started out alone. He showed me the street to take and told me how to ask for the place in case I couldn't discover it unaided—which I very soon found I couldn't. The intelligent-looking young shoemaker on whom I first sprung Berri's phrase most obligingly left his bench, walked with me for half a block (he asked me if the weather in England was as hot as it was in France) and pushed open the door of a little shop. I was so intent on bowing and smiling as politely as he did that I didn't notice until he left me that the place wasn't a manufactory of tapestry at all, but a cake-shop with all sorts of little iced and jellied things on the counter. They looked so delicious that I didn't let the woman who had come to wait on me know I had made a mistake, and departed with a franc's worth—a great many more than I wanted

I've learned from Berri and from watching French people how to behave myself in shops here when women wait on you. The Anglo-Saxon, Berri says, usually manages to give the impression in France that he is a perfectly mannerless person even when his feelings are most kindly; so it's rather nice to know that you should lift your hat and say "*Bonjour, madame*," when you go in and come away, and that while your parcel is being wrapped up you ought to make a few remarks on *la chaleur effrayante*

Well, I went into the street again, ate a few of my cakes as I strolled away, and finally asked a *commissionnaire* with a brass tag on his cap to direct me to the tapestry place. He said to walk along with him and we'd come to one in a minute—which puzzled me a little, as I didn't think there could possibly be two. There didn't seem to be even one; for after walking a short distance he suddenly stopped, opened a door that set a frantic little bell jingling, and I found myself on the threshold of another cakery. Of course I didn't have the courage to go away, for the bell had summoned from an inner room a lady who was very old, very lame, and apparently very glad to see me. She said she hadn't known the heat to be so intense since the summer just before the Franco-Prussian War when her second husband had "*attrapé un coup de soleil*." This naturally introduced the Franco-Prussian War; and when an aged, one toothed elocutionist describes with much tremulous power the extermination of all her male relatives you end by acquiring enough pastry to satisfy a boarding-school

The next person of whom I inquired my way was a policeman. I couldn't see exactly why he should be so perfectly delighted at my desire to see a manufactory of tapestry until he told me as we hurried around the corner that his sister had just opened one He introduced me to his sister (she baked cakes, of course, I felt that she did from the first), and as nothing on the counter was good enough for so distinguished and unexpected a customer as myself, I had to wait until a slab of sponge cake was brought up fresh and hot from the oven. I left, promising to tell everybody in England and America that she made the best cakes in France

"How did you like the *tapisserie?*" Berri asked when I climbed up to our room. "Good Heavens!—you've developed a sudden and consuming passion for *pâtisserie*, anyhow," he added, as I hurled my three bundles at him and sank into a chair

Pâtisserie, tapisserie; pâtisserie, tapisserie—even when you know the difference you can hardly tell it after you've said the wretched words over several times. But that's another mistake I'll never make again

I don't see why all these provincial French towns—so near together—should be so delightfully different from one another. And yet they are. Aside from their "sights," every one has its own special way of endearing itself to you The great sight at Amiens is, of course, the magnificent cathedral. But the charm of the place lies in the fact that it [illegible]

(Continued on Page 161

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The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶ Reciprocity is a benevolent scheme to get what the protective tariff doesn't give us.

¶ It would be a sad day for the trusts if Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan should turn pessimist.

¶ If the Recording Angel is merciful he never listens to anything the fond parent may say when the mechanical toys refuse to work.

¶ In our modern politics Cincinnatus may be found at the plow, but he generally manages to hear the telephone bell if there is an office calling.

¶ The inventor whose new gun is going to make war impossible and the reformer whose new movement is going to make good government universal should pair off and allow ordinary progress to limp along.

Mr. Roosevelt and the Bad Men

FROM late returns it would seem that Theodore Roosevelt, once Colonel of Rough Riders, is now very much President of the United States. When the country elected him to the Vice-Presidency it had a pretty clear idea that it was choosing an official with a strong, straight backbone, and a recent diagnosis of his case fails to discover any symptoms of curvature of the spine.

During the past thirty days the Alkali Ikes, the Deadwood Dicks and the Bronco-busting Bills of politics have descended on the Executive Mansion prepared to make a little "rough house," because the President was not giving proper attention to their requests for good things for the sons of somebodies and the fathers of nobodies. They thought they would teach him a lesson.

But Mr. Roosevelt, in the happy past, used to live out West, and while there he had experience with the fire-eating, rip-snorting, quick shooting terrors of the bad lands. Without going into particulars, it may be said that none of their counterparts in politics has made any "rough house" at the Executive Mansion.

The country, the decent end of the country, the part of the country that wants to see a clean, honest administration of its affairs by able, honest men, is with Mr. Roosevelt. The business men who promote their clerks on merit and pay them salaries because they earn them are with Mr. Roosevelt. The heelers, the grafters, the looters are against Mr. Roosevelt. And they will be increasingly against him as they get better acquainted with his quality.

It is a pleasure to know you better, Mr. President.

A Costly Twist on the Lion's Tail

THE success of the American manufacturer in the British Islands during the past year or two has been so great that he is coming to look upon those countries as his natural possession. Indeed a prominent American recently startled a London dinner-party by referring to the Revolutionary War as "that unfortunate affair by which we lost England!"—a reversal surely of all previous descriptions of the episode. But commercial statistics undoubtedly justify not only pride in present achievements but enormous faith in the future. Foreign markets are unquestionably marked as ours; but meanwhile the student of the ways by which we acquire them may occasionally point out methods by which it is not advisable to approach the foreigners, and give warning that tact is as useful sometimes in opening a door to commerce as it is in private life in opening doors to dinner-parties.

The autumn in England was marked by a determined effort on the part of an American combination to control the English cigarette trade. This effort may yet succeed; but in the beginning there can be no question that great harm was done by the way in which the Americans advertised their plans. To reporters from all the newspapers they declared that they were going to drive every British manufacturer out of business, and that within a few months the American cigarette would reign supreme. Now this, when cabled to America, is very good advertising, but naturally enough its appeal was not so strong in Britain. The native manufacturers put huge advertisements in the papers in which was shown the British lion reclining on a rock by the Atlantic and smoking a London-rolled cigarette while he repelled the attempt of an army of evil-looking American cigarettes to enter his country. The result is unquestionably that, at the moment, a great number of people in England insist on having the English product.

If the Americans had kept only reasonably quiet probably this would never have happened. In questions of trade patriotism is not easy to rouse. The Parisian cries, "*Vivent les Boers*"—and dashes into an English tailor's to order his clothes. The English Imperialist calls loudly for measures against the Teuton, and then goes out and fills his house with things "made in Germany." Nations, however, may resent being told by foreigners that there is no hope for them. A great thing to observe in connection with a commercial, as well as any other victory, is that you should not "rub it in."

A hero is a man who died poor a long time ago.

Captain Kidd and B. Franklin

BOSTON revels in great names, but it is safe to say that of all the many none will last longer in history and romance than Captain Kidd and Benjamin Franklin. It is true that Captain Kidd did not become a Bostonian until he forsook his evil ways and took another name. He tried to lead a respectable life there and it was his misfortune that he was caught at it. Two centuries have passed and there is a disposition to show that the Captain was a better man than history has painted him, and that the verdict which ended in his execution would have been set aside by another court if he lived in these days of stays, of appeals and delays. But he is dead. What we know is that he did take other people's belongings, and the present interest is the discovery of an old letter in which he mentioned the burial of his treasures. It is calculated that he hid about $5,000,000 in money, gems and rich stuffs, of which only $70,000, found on Gardiner's Island, was ever recovered. The rest is still idle somewhere, and if it is ever discovered it will have only the value it had when it was buried two hundred years ago. Later in the same century Benjamin Franklin came along. He had different ideas about money, and in an age in which money-making was difficult he built up a comfortable fortune and kept it growing by investments. He did more than this. He made his money a help to others. Young men of good habits and industry found him willing to assist them over the rough places—and they always paid him interest. "The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money," said Franklin in his hints to those who would be rich, and he added, "For six pounds a year you may have the use of one hundred pounds, provided you are a man of known prudence and honesty."

He had this in mind when he gave a thousand pounds to the city of Boston, and never was a finer object-lesson left to posterity. He even reduced the rate in order to emphasize the growth of money. The bequest was to be used in loans at five per centum to young married artificers, and the principal was to accumulate for a century. "If this plan is executed," said he in his will, "and succeeds as projected without interruption for one hundred years, the sum will then be one hundred and thirty-one thousand pounds," and he directed that of this amount one hundred thousand pounds be devoted to public works, and the other thirty-one thousand pounds be continued for another hundred years, when the sum would be four millions and sixty-one thousand pounds sterling, of which he wished one million and sixty-one thousand pounds to go to Boston and three millions to the State.

Note the contrast. Captain Kidd's investments have not even paid two cents on the dollar. Franklin's five thousand dollars have grown into more than a million, and are still growing. Not only have his dollars been useful but they have multiplied on their own good to humanity. Their blessedness has swelled their fullness. Their little kindnesses have mounted to a noble benefaction. The five per cent. rate of interest did not seem much at the time, but it has increased from year to year, increasing on each increase, and compounding the whole beneficent mass into a great fortune.

It is the vast difference between the buried dollar and the active dollar. There are persons in each day and generation who believe the safest plan is to hide wealth, not pausing to think that each cent taken from active use is as good as dead. When the public vaults become overstocked the people suffer, business moves more slowly and enterprise is halted—all because the money is missed from circulation. Franklin's rule is as true now as it was in the Eighteenth Century. Keep money moving, let it earn something for itself while aiding others, and the increase is as certain as the seasons. Captain Kidd did more than rob his victims; he robbed the world itself of a part of its working capital, and his bad influence has run through the years to such an extent that if the foolish people who have been digging for the buried treasures had put their time and money into legitimate labors they would be well-off to-day.

Of course there is compensation in good and bad examples. Monuments were erected to Franklin; a gibbet for Captain Kidd; and while the Captain may not have been guilty of all the crimes charged against him, there is little doubt that he deserves the reprobation of history and all honest folk. But Franklin's name shines brighter with the years, and his example will endure through all time.

A man will never rise in the world by waiting for the flying-machine.

The Case for the Fur Overcoat

THAT man, and not woman, is the greater slave to conventional rules of costume is a doctrine which has already found expression in these columns. And the amazing spectacle of "the shirt-waist man" has, during the last two summers, shown that when once goaded on to it by the newspapers and the intolerable heat, even poor man can yield to the dictates of common-sense. Woman no longer has a monopoly of comfort in the summer. But in the winter she still maintains her superiority, for to her sex alone is it allowed to wear furs.

Women apply some logic to dress. In summer they put on muslins and in winter snug furry jackets, tippets, and so forth. The average man would not dare to wear a fur overcoat, and he can probably give no better reason than that he would look like an actor. Leaving aside for the moment the criticism of a class which having not too much luxury at home takes a childish delight in seeming to have as much as possible in the streets, is there anything more than a false, inexplicable shame at the bottom of this feeling? There is in St. Louis a tall, weedy boy, with a narrow chest and a hereditary tendency to consumption, whose mother, gracefully evading the officials of the custom-house, brought him from England a fur lined coat. The boy admitted that it would be a most unusually snug and pleasant garment, and that it would very probably prevent some of the racking colds which winter usually brought. But the other boys would laugh at him, he said, and neither commands nor entreaties would induce him to wear the coat. It was put away, and the moths ably attended to it. It is unnecessary to point the moral of this tale, and relate the youth's untimely death.

In fact, he went farther west, to a ranch, and no living doctor could now find any trace of illness about him. But it was a silly convention that prevented his wearing the coat a devoted mother had smuggled in for him.

The conditions of American life peculiarly demand an outer garment of great proportionate thickness to be put on when leaving the house. We keep our interiors hot enough, and there is very little need for thick clothing when indoors. Therefore those who resist the outer cold by fleece-lined underwear or a chamois skin vest, make the mistake of wearing the greater part of their clothing at a time when they least need it.

The drivers of trolley cars, and truckmen in remote districts, are allowed to make themselves comfortable. Actors are tolerated as they stroll up Broadway appropriately clad to meet a blizzard. A few men who have come in contact with the effective civilizations of a continent which has not half the excuse which America has for the fur-lined coat, flaunt themselves in warmth. But the ordinary American finds in them something subtly vicious and "un-American." Your tailor would ask you a ridiculous price for a furred coat. But he would ask much less if comfort rather than luxury were the object to be attained. Sable is not the only wear. The skin of the rabbit keeps out the blast. Perhaps even that of the domestic cat—who knows? Women somehow manage to buy furs. Besides, they are not dear abroad, and no one any longer believes American tariffs immutable.

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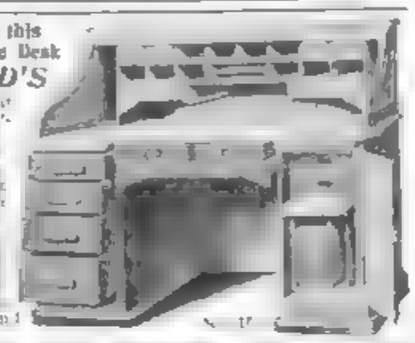

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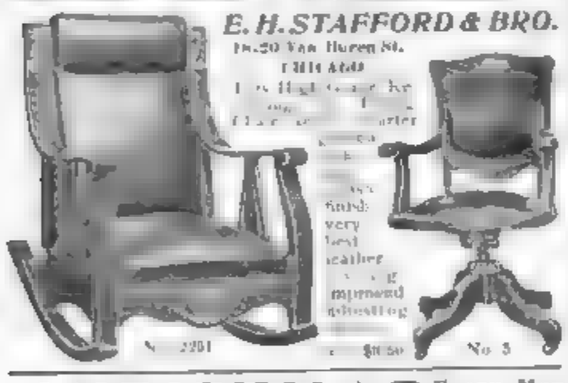

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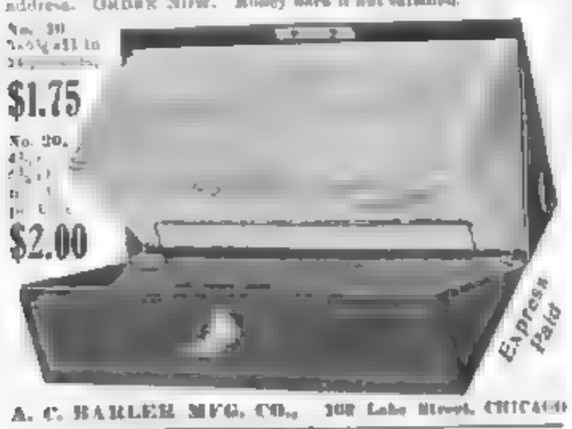

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with curly wig and glass eyes for 35c., post paid, suitable for 16-inch doll. 30 other styles and sizes from 25c. to $2.00. Money back if not satisfied. Bisque doll heads of [illegible] body, combine [illegible] with the beauty of taupe, and do not break. Ask your dealer or send for free catalogue to

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Men & Women of the Hour

Roosevelt's Ready Courage

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S courage was put to a short test a few winters ago while he was spending some time on his stock ranch in North Dakota. He was riding over the range one day in December when he was overtaken by a severe snowstorm. Within an hour it had developed into a blizzard. At the first indication of the severity of the storm Mr. Roosevelt had wheeled his horse and began to make every effort to get back to headquarters. The fury of the wind and sleet, however, soon made progress impossible. All trails were obliterated, but fortunately in drifting before the storm he came to a railroad track and, guided by the telegraph poles, he kept on until he arrived at a prairie saloon.

Having provided for his horse in the stable adjoining the saloon, he made his way to the barroom, where he was confident he would find a roaring fire. When he opened the door he discovered the greatest confusion going on. A "bad man," had been drinking too much and was working off his uncomfortable exuberance by shooting holes through mirrors, and making his companions dance while he shot under their feet.

Half frozen, Mr. Roosevelt calmly seated himself before the red-hot stove. Amid the din the outlaw had not noticed his arrival, but when he discovered him he salaamed with mock courtesy and said:

"Well, Mr. Four-Eyes, when did you arrive?"

"I just now came in," replied Mr. Roosevelt. "I was caught in the storm and I've dropped in here to thaw out."

"You're the stuff," commented the half-drunken master of ceremonies; "we like people out here who know enough to come in out of the wet. And now let's see you trot up to the bar and have a drink.'

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Roosevelt. "I'm beginning to feel quite warm and comfortable, and I don't care to drink."

"Oh, but you've got to!" exclaimed the cowboy.

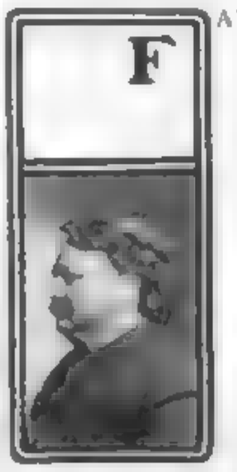
"No," insisted Mr. Roosevelt, with quiet but unmistakable decision, "I'll not have anything."

The fellow, whose sway up to this moment had been undisputed, could hardly credit his senses. He leered for a moment at the man in the chair who had dared to oppose his authority, and marching up to him exclaimed:

"Well, then, get up and dance;" and by way of emphasis he shot several times into the floor around Mr. Roosevelt's feet.

"Oh, well, if I must," retorted Mr. Roosevelt, but as he rose his right arm lunged out with an upward movement and the fellow dropped like a slaughtered ox. The crowd rushed in to have revenge. Before Mr. Roosevelt could get them under control they had kicked the fallen despot back to consciousness and had dragged him out into the snow. Mr. Roosevelt, however, finally persuaded them to bring him in to the fire.

A Case of Senatorial Faith



Hon. Wm. Ernest Mason

FAITH in humanity is as strong a characteristic of the junior Senator from Illinois as are his humor and big heartedness. An incident related by a political associate of Senator Mason gives an example of this admirable quality, which has done so much to make him beloved by the people of his State.

A woman who devotes her life to charity among the poor of the national capital found a case of extreme destitution in the home of a man who came originally from Illinois to take a subordinate position in one of the departments under the Harrison Administration. With a change of Administration he found his position gone, tried in vain to find work, and under protracted discouragement gave himself up to heavy drinking. A return of his own party to power put him back in the department where he had served, but the liquor habit had obtained so strong a hold upon him that he was unable to retain his place and was thrice discharged—the last time with the statement that he had forfeited his last chance. Then followed a period of intoxication which reduced him to a pitiable condition and was only checked by the death of his baby. Over the body of this household idol he took a vow to drink no more. Although this resolution was consistently adhered to for three months he could obtain no regular work, and the entire family were actually at the starvation point when the visit of the charity worker disclosed the terrible need of help.

An appeal was at once made to Senator Mason, but he was not told of the man's long and apparently hopeless career of dissipation. After hearing the story of destitution the Senator directed his secretary to visit the department where the man had been employed and secure his reinstatement.

"He's simply a common bum—an ordinary street hobo—and he's sinned away the day of grace here," was the response which greeted the delivery of the Senator's message.

The face of the applicant fell when this announcement was made to him, and he replied:

"Yes; I was repeatedly discharged for drinking; but I haven't touched a drop since the baby died, three months ago."

When the Senator and his secretary met in the committee room that afternoon the latter said: "Well, you've been imposed on again. That fellow is a hopeless sot who has been discharged time and again until he has worn out all right to consideration."

Looking up from the committee report before him, after the career of the applicant had been narrated in detail, Senator Mason tersely said:

"That's all right; but *I'm still for the man*. He's going to have another chance if they have to let out some other appointee of mine who hasn't a starving family on his hands. I'll go and see to it myself."

He went—and had the man reinstated despite the protests of the chief officials in the department! This occurred many months ago, and the man whom he refused to give up is now one of the most dependable men in the department and has never violated his pledge.

Five Thousand Dollars a Word

Mr. James B. Dill

BEFORE Mr. Carnegie turned over his great steel business to the trust he had frequently to consult with the New York corporation lawyer, Mr. James B. Dill. One evening Mr. Carnegie, in Pittsburg, called up Mr. Dill, at his club in New York, on the long distance telephone.

"I want your opinion on an important question," said Mr. Carnegie. "Can you come over tonight and see me at breakfast in the morning?" It was nearly nine o'clock, and Pittsburg and New York are 430 miles apart.

"The last train for Pittsburg has just left Jersey City," answered Mr. Dill.

"Then come over on the morning train," Mr. Carnegie suggested.

"I can't well do that," said Mr. Dill, "because I have an appointment to-morrow night with Mr. X—— here."

Mr. Carnegie answered at once: "Get a special train to-night."

Half an hour later, Mr. Dill, in his special train, was on his way to Pittsburg. Eleven hours later he said "Good morning" to Mr. Carnegie.

"Mr. Dill," said the steel maker, "I wouldn't have asked you to travel nearly a thousand miles for nothing."

Then he asked the corporation lawyer a question, on the answer to which hung the disposition of millions of property. Mr. Dill gave his opinion in a single word.

"Thank you, that's all," said Mr. Carnegie. "I hope you will keep your engagement in New York to-night. Good-by."

Mr. Dill was with Mr. Carnegie less than five minutes. The special train reached New York that night without mishap, and a few days later Mr. Dill received for his one-word opinion a check for $5000.

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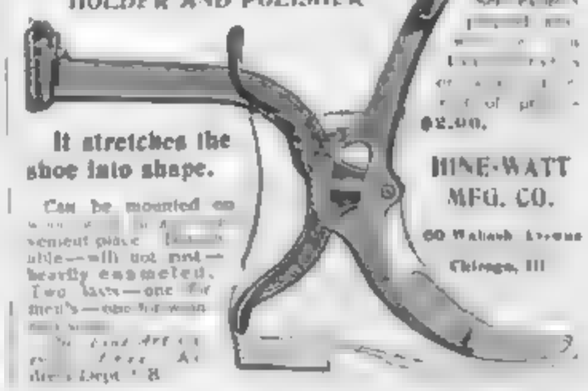

It stretches the shoe into shape.

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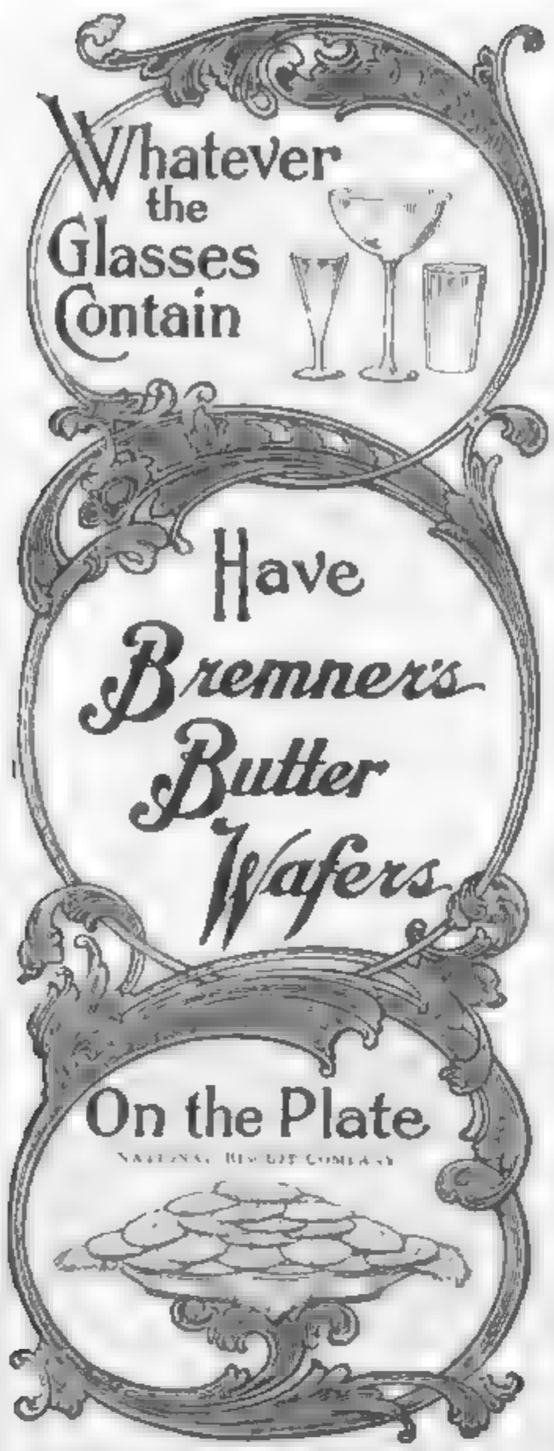

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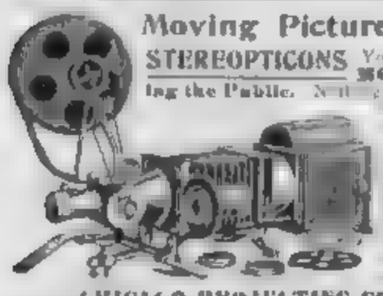

CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
225 Dearborn Street, Department L, Chicago, Ill.

The White Invasion of China

(Continued from Page 13)

northwestern or northeastern mountains either. Nobody lives in some of the extensive valleys of northeastern Manchuria through which the road runs. Most of the fertile agricultural lands in these tracts are, and for decades (possibly centuries) have been, uninhabited. It is estimated by experts that not more than one fifth of the cultivable land of Manchuria is occupied. Personal inquiry confirms this estimate. But for all the land through which the railroad passed which was occupied or owned by private persons the railroad paid a price averaging ten dollars an acre.

Russians are not so expert in railway building as Americans; they are not so expert in anything as Americans except the art of establishing authority and maintaining it without friction after it is established. And, though the Manchurian Railway does not equal our great lines as we know them at present, its construction, compared with that of the Siberian road, or even with any road of Russia excepting only two, is very excellent indeed.

Of the corruption and fraud in the building of the Siberian road, and especially the Ussuri branch from Khabaroff to Vladivostok, there can be no question, and the fact is not denied. In the Ussuri branch, for example, foolish twists and turns, serpent like and tortuous, are made utterly without engineering reason or excuse; grades are built where levels might have run, and all the other familiar devices of fraudulent contract are in evidence.

In comparison, the Manchurian road is superior in methods of construction, directness of route and honesty of building. Both fills and cuts are well done. Short sections north of Port Arthur are ballasted with rock and the bed, for a new road, is well-nigh perfect in these places. The bridges excite hearty admiration.

And this further and redeeming fact is noted also, that corruption in railway construction is being eliminated in Asiatic Russia as well as in America, and indeed throughout the whole world. Honesty of method is increasing because civilization is increasing all around the globe. Men are growing more and more upright from principle and from policy also. And it is a shining defense of what some immoderate minds harshly call "commercialism" that fraud, dishonesty and all financial unrighteousness are being eliminated, and gradually being made impossible even, by the highly complex organization of the commercial world.

Out of the chaos and "disorder of things" in Russia, as a bright young engineer brilliantly phrased it, business method, far more than moral improvement, is bringing regularity, accuracy, and therefore honesty. For example: Russia's Finance Minister, Witte, the master mind of the Empire, has applied to all expenditures a system of audit through which the smallest item of outlay must pass, whose only defect is the cumbersome minuteness of its examination. Witte and other men of his quality of mind and will are the hope and salvation of commercial and constructive Russia.

Here again is noted that circumstance (perfectly natural, but which to most men seems an unnatural phenomenon), the beginning of reforms which extend to the home country by new work away from home.

Take, for example, a most obvious, simple and striking instance. A Russian railway train not only moves slowly but it stops at all stations, and when it stops it stops for a long time. Officials go into the station and out of the station with papers and telegrams and all manner of bureaucratic over systemization. You would think that enough paper had been exchanged to start half a dozen trains. Suddenly an official with a whistle blows a loud shriek—a very needle-thrust of sound; but the train does not start and nothing is done, and nobody pays any attention to it. Then a loud-sounding bell is rung; still nothing is done and no one pays any attention to it. In a few minutes (perhaps five) the bell is again rung, and again nothing is done and no one pays any attention to it. And a third time the bell is rung four or five taps, and the people begin to move languidly to the cars, and there is blowing of whistles. Finally the whistle of the engine itself sends up its hoarse shout and the passengers embark, and when all are on board the train sleepily moves off.

It seems foolish, incongruous, that the reform of this unmodern leisureness of Russian transportation methods should begin in that Chinese Botany Bay—that fag-end of the world called Manchuria. Yet this is precisely what is going on. In the two divisions north of Port Arthur Mr. Girshmann has regular passenger service inaugurated. It is, of course, merely local and unimportant, and is confined to carrying Chinese local merchants and Russian officers and yet the train starts off like an American train with a single, sharp, swift signal. In two cases people who had been in Russia came near getting left. "I am doing away with that ancient nonsense," said Mr. Girshmann, "or, rather, I have never introduced it. We have new ground to work on here, you see, and it is easier to establish modern methods and new methods than it is where custom has already fixed and fortified ancient abuses." And so it is that the reform of the transportation methods of the world's greatest empire has begun at its furthest extremity and upon its newest work.

There are other reforms which will be wrought by Russia's appearance on the Pacific, for this brings her face to face with the world's keen competition and its invigorating, stimulating, intoxicating association, more even than does her railway connection with Europe. There is an indifference to promptness, a lack of push and hurry, an acceptance of situations without speedy efforts to improve them, about Russian railway administration (except on two or three crack lines and trains), which are not in keeping with the spirit and methods of the present day. And when Russia comes in contact with American enterprise in the Orient (and American enterprise in the Orient will predominate in a very few years), and German enterprise in the Orient (and nowhere in the world is German enterprise so vivid and dynamic as in the Orient), Russia herself will catch the spirit of modern things and fall in step with modern methods in her entire commercial economy, but first of all in her railway administration, and she needs this badly.

A young engineer in charge of the bridge construction was found reading a French novel in a rather sumptuous private car on a siding in central Manchuria. The floods had impaired the temporary bridges some twenty miles ahead. Locomotives were in the yards, some of them with steam up. The party had arrived on a little push-car made by a platform six feet by eight lifted upon two sets of wheels and pushed by Chinese laborers. The master of the distance was asked to take the party to the break in the road with his locomotive. He refused, saying it was under the command of the young engineer. The young engineer refused because—"Well, because what's the use?" said he; "you can't cross the river. You will have to go back and wait till the floods go down, and so there is no use disturbing myself for two or three hours to get you down the river twenty miles away."

At another station the following incident occurred. Connection was refused because the assistant master of the distance had not ordered it; and the assistant master of the distance had not ordered it because he was not yet out of bed (it was eight o'clock in the morning). When he was awakened he declined because the master of the distance had not ordered it; and he had not ordered it because he was still in bed. When the master of the distance was aroused he declined because no special orders had been received subsequent to general orders telegraphed three days before. "Yes, it is quite true that the general orders are comprehensive and explicit, but that was three days ago. I must now have special orders to put these general orders into effect." But when the methods of Mr. Girshmann are extended over the whole Manchurian system; when the Manchurian road makes its connections with the great American freight liners; when the road completed, the current of commerce is switched on from all the world at Port Arthur and Dalni, these mediæval characteristics of Russian railway administration will disappear because the conditions that permit them will have been destroyed.

Already this connection is beginning. Port Arthur is unsightly with its yellow hills and noxious with its streets of filth, and yet picturesque, too, in its cosmopolitan interminglings. It is a military and naval port, also. But, while Russia is actually creating Dalni (it is said she has 25,000 laborers at work on buildings, breakwaters, piers, etc., and in the general construction of this port on Talienwhan Bay), Port Arthur serves as the commercial terminus of the railroad until Dalni is ready. Very well! Its harbor therefore is crowded even now with the ships

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Single Bed "	62 x 81 "	3.75	4.25	11.00
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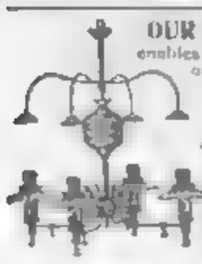

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of all nations. From Port Arthur you may go direct to Japan, direct to Peking, direct to Chefoo, Shanghai, Hongkong, sometimes direct even to Manila, direct to Singapore and direct to Odessa. There are the crowding and jostle and bustle of commercial activity. Already there are three American commercial houses in Port Arthur, conducted with vigor and push. The principal commercial establishments are German, as everybody who has been around the world would expect.

"If these Russians will only continue to let imports come in free, I ask nothing better," said a keen young American merchant under thirty years of age, who is making his mark in Port Arthur. "It is the best thing for them, too," continued he, "for even if we Americans and Germans do the business, these Russians after a while will get on to our commercial methods, which would be worth more to them than all the temporary rubles and copecks they could possibly make by monopolizing trade. For in business they are slower than turtles, and in all commercial transactions, except little deals, their methods are old fashioned; and, generally, they are as dull as lead. Oh, yes! they are sharp enough, keen enough, quite cunning enough, but it is all in an awkward, blundering kind of way. What I say is that Russia needs modern business system more than she needs anything else. Well, she will catch it from us if she rubs up against us long enough."

This young American was quite right, for within an hour a Russian railway official made this remark: "What we need is more of America's business method and system, more of Germany's cautious aggressiveness and laborious plan. We heartily dislike many things that are characteristically American; they seem to us irrational, but one thing all men must admit—America is the business expert of the world, with Germany a close second, and, indeed, with some points of superiority over even America."

At the wharf in Port Arthur was a great ship. We who cross the Pacific, which ought to be an American ocean, which Humboldt thought would be an American ocean, which Cass declared to be "an American lake," and which *shall* be an American commercial highway yet—when we cross this ocean from America on an English ship of 6000 tons burden and moderately well equipped, we feel that we may be proud of our method of transportation even if it is English. When we cross on the next best line (the Japanese Nippon Yusen Kaisha) we find still that our largest ship, very well equipped, is only 6000 tons burden. The American line running from San Francisco, which ought to have the best Pacific service, has only one really fine and large ship, and this does not exceed 7000 tons burden. Its other ships are comparatively small and some of them very old. These lines have two large ships now building which will be the best on the Pacific. It is said that they will soon be launched.

With impressions like these, you are rather incredulous when you behold tied up to a wharf at Port Arthur an ocean monster of 12,000 tons burden. It is flying the Russian flag, too. It is a member of that ambitious maritime undertaking—Russia's "Volunteer Fleet." Go through that ship; it is worth your while. You have never been on an Atlantic liner the accommodations for whose first-class cabin passengers were superior to this Russian ship running from Odessa to Port Arthur. She is fitted up to carry emigrants, too. This particular vessel had just landed fifteen hundred Russian emigrants, and her freight-carrying capacity is also fair. These astonishing ships—astonishing when you consider that Russia is a land nation, when you reflect upon the port they leave and the port they make—constitute one of the world's fast lines. There is not a modern device which they do not have. No modern comfort, luxury or appliance of efficiency is neglected. They are fit to be auxiliary cruisers in time of war; transports, commerce destroyers and what not. But over all, their chief use is in commerce. They constitute Russia's water connection with the Manchurian-Siberian Railway. They complete Russia's trade circuit around the world. And so it is that these two agencies of commerce and communication are bringing Russia into commercial brotherhood with the rest of mankind; and so it is that the revolution of Russian commercial methods is beginning where the ends of her commercial activities are joined together at the farthest outposts of her dominions. And when you come to think about it, how could their reform begin in any other way?

Editor's Note—This is the 8th of Senator Beveridge's papers on the political and commercial situation in the Far East.

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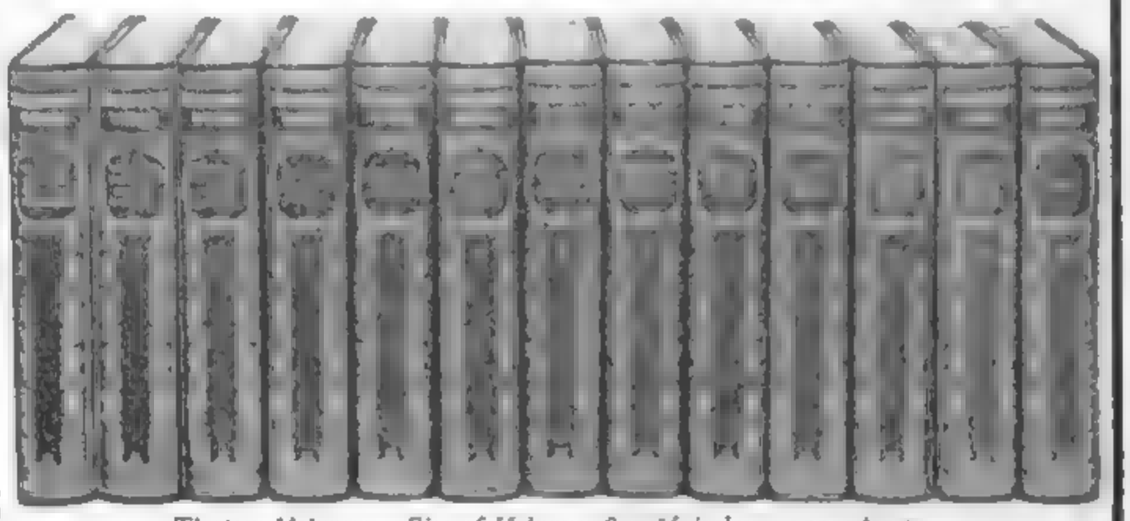

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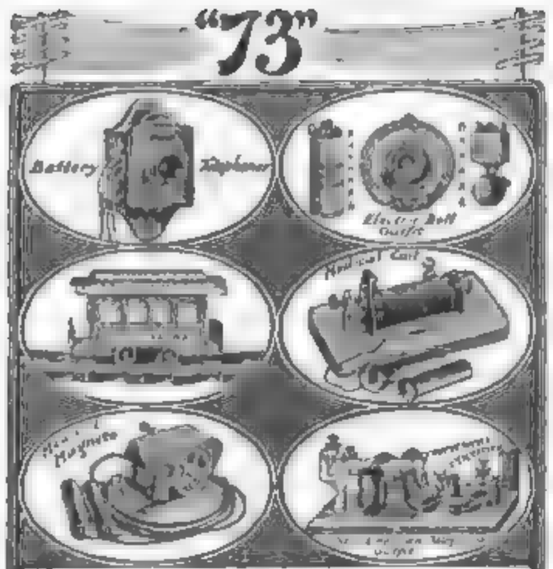

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Sophomores Abroad

(Continued from Page 11)

exactly what you have always thought a provincial town in France would be like. Berri induced me to read a lot of Balzac (translated) last year, and although Balzac perhaps never wrote a word about Amiens, I kept thinking all the time, as we strolled through the flat, hot streets whose mere names are chronicles of religion and history, of his detailed and interminable descriptions of streets just like them. So many of them have the splendidly dull and ostentatious respectability that he hated—and knew so well how to make his readers feel.

Beauvais, on the other hand, hasn't this air at all. It's a lively little place, with the narrowest, crookedest streets and quaintest old houses with wooden beams appearing through the plaster I ever dreamed of. And it's all built about a great square with a statue of Jeanne Hachette in the centre—Jeanne being a lady who distinguished herself in 1472 by taking a banner away from Charles the Bold and his army of eighty thousand men.

The cathedral (we used to wander through it several times a day) is certainly very beautiful in spite of the fact that money ran out before it was finished, and that it has had to remain an inspired fragment. What there is of it, however, is just my idea of what a Gothic cathedral should look like. In the flourishing language of the guide-book, "its proportions are gigantic to the verge of temerity," and it is so exquisitely fragile and lacy that one wonders how it remains at all.

We stayed at little Beauvais for [illegible] days, although beyond the cathedral and the tapestry works there isn't much in the way of sights to see there. The tapestry works I succeeded in visiting finally, and at one time I regretted more than I can say that I had succeeded, for it was due to my remarks on the subject—at least a week later—that led to my fight with Berri.

We were spending the day at Caen on our way to Avranches, in Normandy, and I began to discourse on the manufacture of Gobelin tapestry. The weavers begin to learn the art when they are very young—mere boys. It takes years and years to become a skilled workman, and many find out that they haven't a sufficient manual dexterity and sense of color to master the craft [illegible] and give it up. Now, I said to Berri that I couldn't understand why a man who possessed the really marvelous delicacy of eye and skill of hand necessary to a weaver of Gobelin didn't try instead to become a creator of original things; for in tapestry, of course, he only copies famous paintings and designs. Whereupon Berri jumped on me and told me that was my hopelessly American way of looking at it; that I was cursed with the national inability to regard a trade perfectly mastered in the light of a fine art, and that I evidently preferred bad paintings to faultless tapestry merely because they enabled people to display their worthless individuality. It was a warm day; Berri was distinctly irritating—and we had "words." I ended by saying that his attitude toward pretty much everything was offensive—that he was neither a good Frenchman nor a good American. Then all words ceased—which was even worse than having them. We walked silently for a time, and at last Berri said stiffly:

"I am going to take the five o'clock train for Avranches. You can do as you like."

What I happened to like just then was solitude; so I turned in the other direction and left him. It was just three in the afternoon. I had all at once lost my interest in Caen, and when I found myself in a shady park after an aimless walk I sat down to think. My meditations left me with a great desire to find Berri at the railway station, grab him by the hand and go on to Avranches with him. But when I reached the station I discovered that I had exactly twenty-five centimes in my pocket and that I couldn't go out on the platform without a ticket. Berri had evidently arrived before me and got into the train.

Well, I was alone in an unfamiliar French town. My money was in the trunk that Berri and I shared, and he had no doubt taken it along with him; I had packed in it all but a little change, as I was wearing an unlined flannel suit without an inside pocket. Even if I had known where Berri was going to stay at Avranches I didn't have enough money to send a telegram. Night was coming on. I couldn't return to a friendly hotel, as we had been merely spending the day at Caen and hadn't gone to a hotel at all.

The problem was not only a dreary one, it was rather terrifying.

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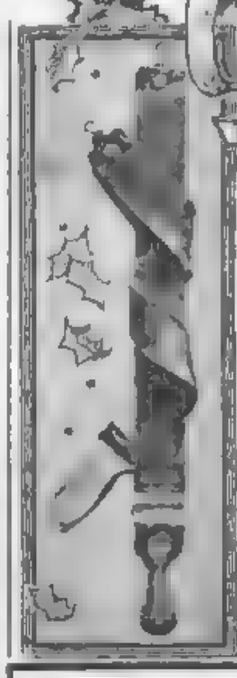

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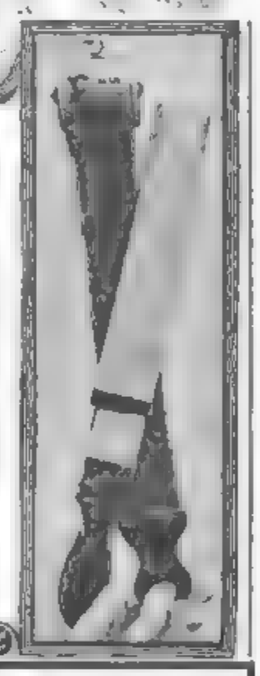

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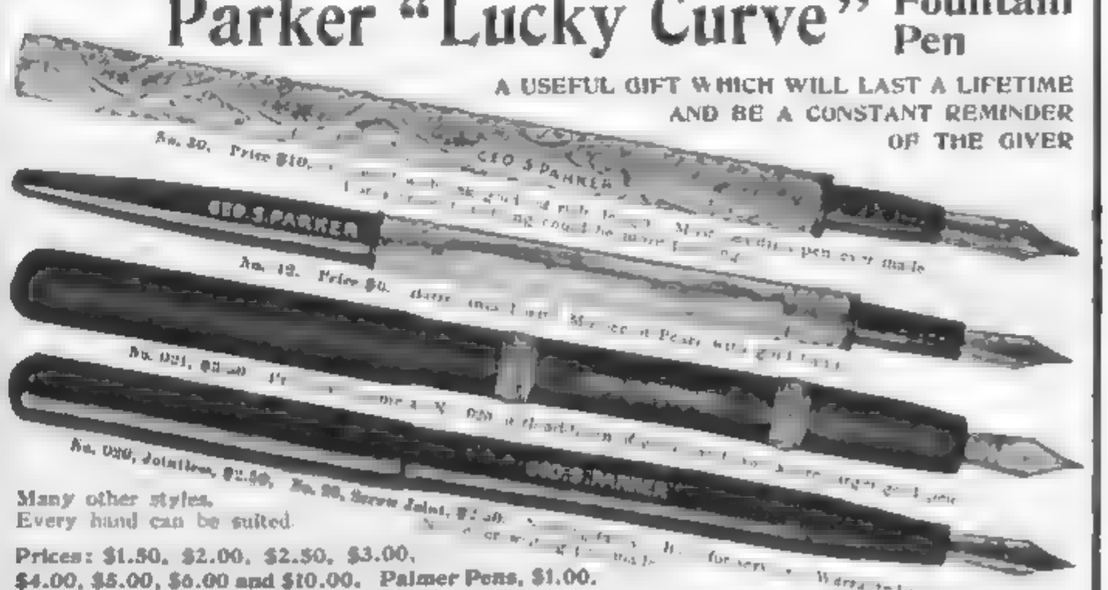

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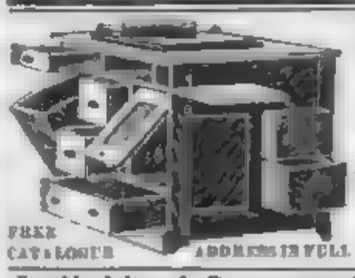

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In the treatment of Jim Munro—practical, patient and manly Jim—and his love affair, Mr. Barr works with a delicacy of touch quite equal to that of the women writers who are supposed to know so much of this illusive subject—so much more than mere coarse men. They do, to be sure, when they stick to heroines, and it is well for their prestige that love-story readers are mainly women like themselves—strange to men's emotions, and uncritical. But this author is a man, dealing with a man; and when this man Jim, side-tracked between stations with the beautiful and brilliant daughter of a railway magnate, walks the ties with her to the station, falling in love on the way, and then obstinately declines her pressing invitation to continue the journey in the magnificent private car that has been sent for her, Mr. Barr disclaims knowledge of "any sane reason for his conduct." Mr. Barr does know, and so will any masculine reader of the story, but it is doubtful if his women readers will, or that any woman-writer on earth could have conceived of the situation. Poor Jim was in love, but mentally fatigued in the effort to rise to the intellectual level of the girl. His heart said, "Go," but his tired brain said, "No, take a rest."

And years later, when Jim, a wealthy man in conflict with Tammany, is clubbed by the police until the only sane and expressible emotion left him is his love for this girl, and then dresses himself carefully, walks unannounced into her presence, and babbles his love into her welcoming ears with the candor of a nursery child, there ensues a scene as affecting as ever painted in words. And because Barr is a man he painted it.

There are many who consider Mr. Barr at his best in a short story. These will find verification for their belief when they have read through the chapter labeled A Gracious Person. It is a short story, complete in itself, and a work of art. It tells of a floor-walker, one of those self-restrained, urbane individuals who smilingly direct bewildered customers to the right department, who never display an emotion beyond the wish to please, but who generally—sad to say—work off the reaction of feeling on the shop-girls when customers are absent. This polite person was no such man. In his house was an attic filled with old furniture, pictures, crockery, etc. The crockery was reduced to pieces, but the furniture being yet intact for his purpose, he had only—on days of extreme nervous strain—to purchase on his way home a basketful of cheap pitchers, bowls and dishes, and have it sent on ahead, where his wife, an understanding woman, placed it in the attic before his arrival. Arrived in his room this man, "whose business was a consideration of others," disrobed. "Spotless shirt and collar and irreproachable cravat took with them into retirement a measurable portion of the aroma of civilization, and at last there stood in the room a primeval savage in course trousers belted around the waist, woolen shirt open at the front." Then, to the attic. Later, to dinner and the bosom of his family, clothed and in his right mind. Again, no woman writer could have conceived of the scene in the attic, where this man laid about him with a table-leg. The tendency to smash dishes and furniture when things go wrong is an inherited instinct, purely masculine, and in no sense related to the drunkenness which usually calls it into play. Mr. Barr has solved the problem. How much better it would be if wives, instead of inanely advising their worried and exasperated husbands to "sleep on it," would provide such a room and keep it properly stocked. —*Morgan Robertson.*

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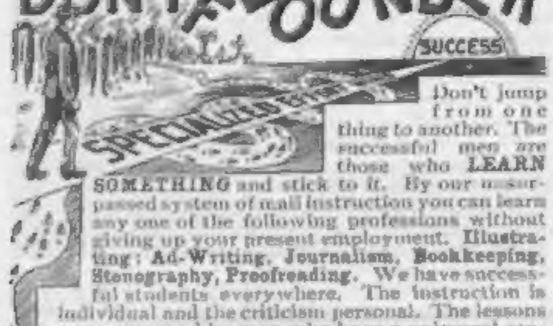

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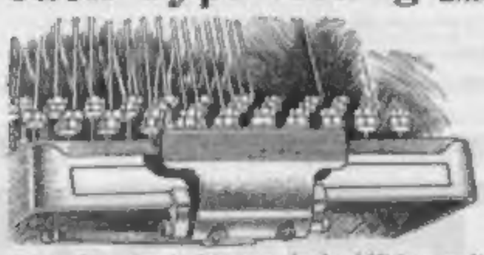

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Negro Society in Washington

(*Concluded from Page 9*)

"The man coming in now is Judge Somebody Else, of the District." This time the stranger raised his eyebrows. "Those two men entering are consuls to Such-and-Such a place." The newcomer sniffed a little bit. "And ah!" his friend started forward, "that is the United States Minister to Any-Place-You-Please." The man who was being initiated into the titles of his fellow-guests said nothing until another visitor entered the doorway; then he turned to his friend, and in a tone of disbelief and disgust remarked, "Well, now, who under the heavens is that? The Prime Minister of England or the King himself?"

Last summer was the gayest that Washington has seen in many a year. It is true that there are hotels and boarding-houses at many summer resorts and that some of our people gather there to enjoy themselves, but for the first time there was a general flocking to one place taken up entirely and almost owned by ourselves. The place, a stretch of beach nearly two miles long with good bathing facilities, and with a forest behind it, has been made and built up entirely by Negro capital. Two men, at least, have made fortunes out of the sale and improvement of their property, and they, along with many others, are the owners of their own summer homes and cottages at Arundel-on-the-Bay and Highland Beach, Maryland. Here the very best of three cities gathered this last summer. Annapolis and Baltimore sent their quota and our own capital city did the rest. It was such a gathering of this race as few outside of our own great family circle have ever seen.

There is, perhaps, an exaltation about any body of men and women who gather to enjoy the fruits of their own labor upon the very ground which their labors have secured to them. There was, at any rate, a special exaltation about these people, and whatever was done went off with éclat. There was a dance at least once a week at one or another of the cottages, and the beauty of it was that any one who was spending the summer there needed to look for no invitation. He was sure of one by the very fact of his being there at all, a member of so close a corporation. The athletes did their turns for the delectation of their admirers, and there were some long-distance swimming contests that would have done credit to the boys in the best of our colleges. There were others who took their bathing more complacently, and still others who followed the injunction of the old rhyme, "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water." Cards, music and sailing parties helped to pass the time, which went all too swiftly, and the Izaak Waltons of the place were always up at five o'clock in the morning and away to some point where they strove for bluefish and rocks, and came home with spots. The talk was bright and the intercourse easy and pleasant. There was no straining, no pomposity, no posing for the gallery. When September came we began to hear the piping of the quail in the woods away from the beach, and our trigger-fingers tingled with anticipation. But the time was not yet ripe. And so the seal is to be set this winter upon our Maryland home by a house party, where the men will go to eat, smoke and shoot, and the women to read, dance and—well—women gossip everywhere.

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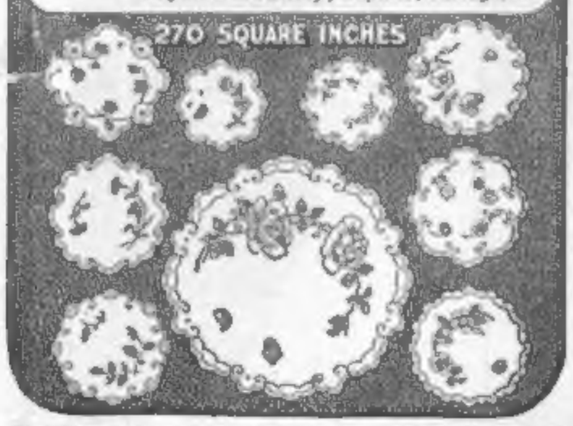

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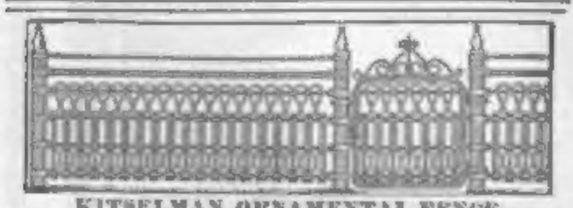

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Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

(Continued from Page 5)

intend to speak to this Captain Curtis. I shall write to father and have him removed."

Lawson looked at her admiringly. "What a beautiful spoiled child you are, Elsie Bee Bee. If you weren't so good to look at I'd despise you."

She turned toward the wall. "I'm not listening to a word you say."

Lawson went to the door. "Here comes Black Wolf, your model."

Elsie rose. "I prefer Black Wolf to your company—but I can't paint any more to-day. I'm going to see Uncle."

"I'll go see Miss Curtis," replied Lawson.

When Curtis joined the mess in the evening Elsie was eager to see him and ready to do battle. When he entered, abrupt, vigorous of movement, keen-eyed and composed, almost stern of countenance, she was a little daunted. He was not so handsome as Mrs. Wilcox had represented him to be, but his profile was very fine and his form powerful, and dignified if not graceful. Plainly he was a man demanding respect and consideration.

As they took seats at the table Lawson said: "Well, Captain, we girls don't want to seem inquisitive, but we are dying to know what you've been doing this afternoon."

"Yes," Elsie quickly added, "we want to know whether there is to be a revolution or only a riot."

Curtis shook off his stern mask and replied: "I've been busy looking over the office accounts and holding audience with my head men. I can't say what the outcome will be."

"Where is Uncle Sennett?" said Elsie.

"Is he your uncle?" inquired Curtis.

"He's my father's sister's husband—but that wouldn't matter. I think he has been treated shamefully."

"I think you are too hasty," Curtis replied. "Sennett and his son have gone to Pinon City—riding very like fugitives. I had no orders to hold them, once in possession of the records. I could only let them go."

Elsie bit her lips. "They have gone to get aid," she said, "and when they come back you will go; be sure of that."

Curtis turned to her with a steady, searching look. "Miss Brisbane, I don't understand your attitude toward me. I am here on special duty, detailed almost against my will—I have no mixed mind in this affair. I am to see that the promises of the Government to these Indians are carried out. You seem to think I am started on a line of persecution of your uncle—which is unworthy a woman of your intelligence. I beg you will not pursue the subject any further——" He turned to Lawson with a smile. "But I am curious to know the meaning of this invasion of my territory. Who is responsible for these pictures?"

Lawson hastened to explain: "This artistic colony is due to me, I suppose, as much as to any one. I am making some ethnologic studies of these people and Miss Brisbane came out to do some illustrations for me. Intending to stay some months, we concluded to set up a mess and be comfortable—and permit me to say, we hope you'll be one of us until your own household is established."

"Thank you; it will be a great pleasure. I don't enjoy camping in the tent of my angry predecessor."

Elsie spoke, her red lips tremulous with indignation. "You can't blame him for being angry. Who wouldn't be—to be treated in this way? I would never have surrendered those keys to you."

Curtis patiently repeated: "My orders were peremptory."

"It is an infamous thing, and I shall write to my father in Washington and have the thing investigated." She was more beautiful than ever in her wrath.

Curtis seemed struck with a new idea. "Are you the daughter of ex-Senator Brisbane?"

She braced herself. "Yes—but why ——?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all. I had wondered from the first."

"Wondered at what?"

"At your attitude. I think I know now why you, too, take sides against these poor people." The Captain was not in a mood to be gallant, and there was something cold and cutting in his tone. Mrs. Wilcox threw in a soothing word and the conversation swung to a consideration of less controversial matters, and the meal was finished without further jar.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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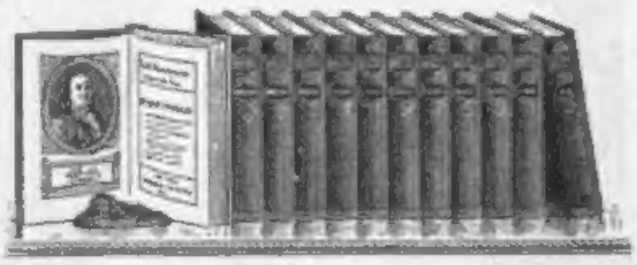

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